

# THE NEW NORMAL MUSIC COURSE

BOOK ONE

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THE NEW  
NORMAL MUSIC COURSE  
BOOK ONE

BY  
JOHN W. TUFTS AND H. E. HOLT

EDITED BY  
LEONARD B. MARSHALL AND SAMUEL W. COLE



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## PREFATORY NOTE

**S**PECIAL recognition is due so noteworthy an event as the publication, in new form, of a series of musical instruction books that has conclusively proved its vitality and worth by successful use during more than a quarter of a century.

In method, **THE NORMAL MUSIC COURSE** as given to the educational public in 1883, represented a radical departure from all existing series. In material, it embodied the substance of music in graded exercises that take rank beside the work of the masters.

This new edition of the Course has been made in response to the concerted request of many leading supervisors of music. The request became a compelling demand when, after years of experience and experiment, these supervisors expressed their conviction that no other method and no other system lead a pupil by so direct a road to the best in music, and to an appreciation of the works of the great composers.

The characteristic features of the original **NORMAL MUSIC COURSE** have been scrupulously preserved in this new series. It is hoped that the additions made will be found to be in the manner and spirit of the original work. The experience and judgment of many supervisors and teachers of music has been brought to bear on the construction of the new books, and experience has always cast the deciding vote.

**BOOK ONE**, like its predecessor the *First Reader*, covers all the essential music work as outlined for the second and third school years. Among its special features mention should be made of the many new study songs, which are both in words and in melody expressive of the interests of childhood. Attention is asked to the manner in which many simple exercises and songs in the minor mode are early made a part of the child's consciousness in music; also to the skill with which a foundation is here laid for the successful handling of the special problems of the fourth year by the easy and natural introduction to chromatics, the divided beat and two-part work.

For the convenience of the teacher, the book has been divided topically into a few sections, the new problems of which are clearly indicated in the *Outline of Study-Material* on page 130.

An especial effort has been made to select song words which shall directly appeal to the child's imagination. In this endeavor, the realm of juvenile poetry has been thoroughly explored, and many child classics, old and new, are here set to music for the first time.

We take this opportunity to acknowledge the courtesy of the following publishers and authors in allowing us to set to music poems which they control:

*The American Magazine* and the author, for permission to use "When Father Takes Me for a Walk" by Louise A. Garnett. The Century Company and the authors, for permission to use the following poems from *St. Nicholas*: "June" by May Aiken; "The Elfman" by John Kendrick Bangs; "The Song-sparrow's Toilet" by H. H. Bennett; "December" by Pauline Frances Camp; "A Funny Fiddler" by Henrietta R. Eliot; "Staying Up Late" and "Thirsty Flowers" by A. A. Knipe; "The Sandman" by May Morgan; "Marie's Accident" by Delia Hart Stone; "What Would You Say?" by Edith Sanford Tillotson; "My Kitten" by G. E. Wesson. Houghton, Mifflin Company, for permission to use a stanza from "Marjorie's Almanac" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; for "My Kingdom" by Louisa M. Alcott; for "Don't Give Up," "He Didn't Think," and "Prompt and Ready" by Phoebe Cary; for "Snow Song" and "The Dew Drop" by Frank Dempster Sherman; for "Spring" by Celia Thaxter; and for the following poems by Abbie Farwell Brown: "Autumn Fashions," "Poor Dimple," "Sand Wells," "Snow," "The Candy Lion," and "The Telephone." Little, Brown & Company, for "The Sailor's Gift" and "Who Has Seen the Wind" from "Poems" by Christina Rossetti. Charles Scribner's Sons, for permission to use "Nell and Her Bird" from "Rhymes and Jingles," copyright, 1874, 1904. Chas. A. Wenborne, for permission to use "Winter Night" by Mary F. Butts. Clinton Scollard, for permission to use "Bobolink." Edith M. Thomas, for permission to use "Praise June" and "Robin's Return." Carolyn Wells, for permission to use "White Fields."

Thanks are also due to Sarah J. Eddy for permission to reprint the song "Praise June" from "Songs of Happy Life"; and to Theo. Presser Company, Philadelphia, and to the composer for permission to reprint the song "Ere the Moon Begins to Rise" by William R. Spence. Adaptations from J. Greenwood's "Two-Part Exercises" are included in Part Two.



# NEW NORMAL MUSIC COURSE

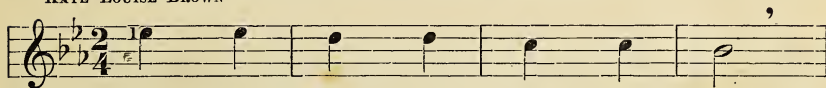
## BOOK ONE, PART ONE

### *FIRST SECTION*

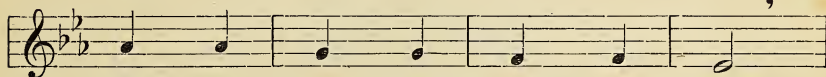
Melodies in Stepwise Progression. Two-Pulse Rhythm.

### PUSSY AND THE CREAM

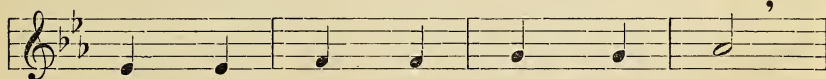
KATE LOUISE BROWN



Pus - sy, come and look at me!



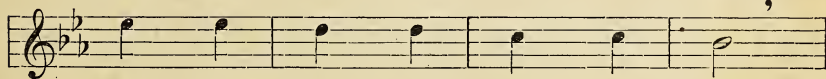
Where's the cream I saved for tea?



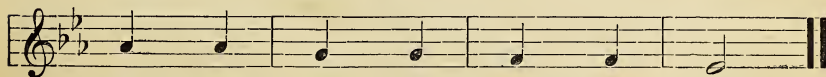
Let me see your lit - tle nose,



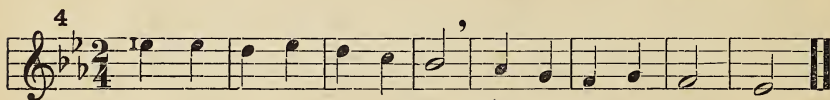
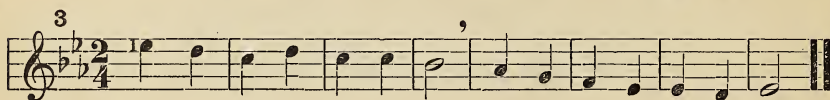
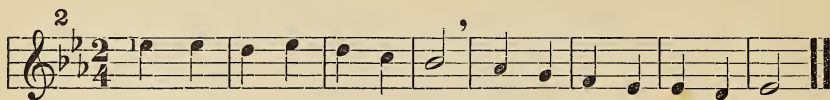
Sweet and pink as an - y rose.



Naugh - ty pus - sy! Now I see

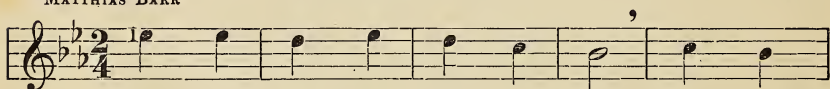


Why there is no cream for me.

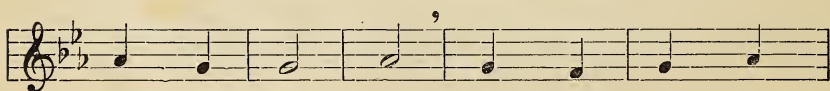


## MARY'S PET

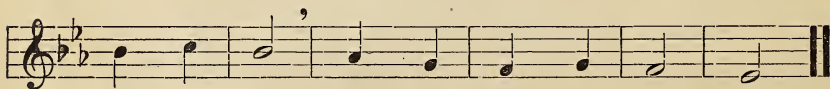
MATTHIAS BARR



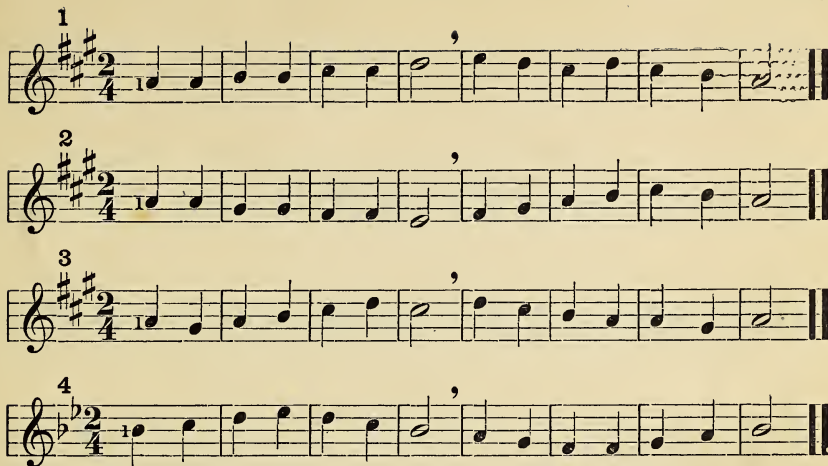
1. Cous - in Jack, the sai - lor lad, Gave to
2. You should see the ti - ny thing Plume its
3. Sis - ter tells it fun - ny tales, Calls it



sis - ter Ma - ry, Just be - fore he  
wings, so neat - ly; You should hear it  
"pret - ty fai - ry;" Won - der if it



went a - way, Such a dear ca - na - ry.  
sing its song, Cheer - ful - ly and sweet - ly.  
un - der - stands All that's said by Ma - ry.



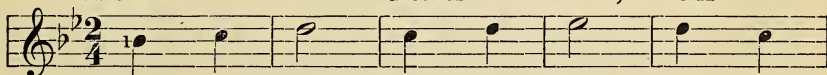
## EVENING STAR

KATE LOUISE BROWN

GROUP I

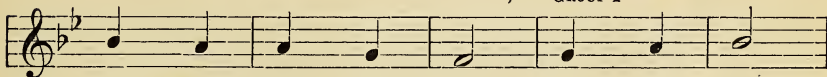
GROUP II

, ALL



1. Eve - ning star, Eve - ning star, In the  
 2. Let us play, Let us play, Though you  
 3. Eve - ning star, Eve - ning star, O how

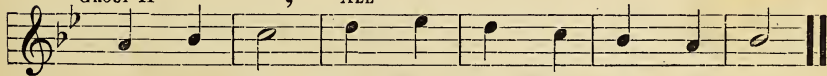
, GROUP I



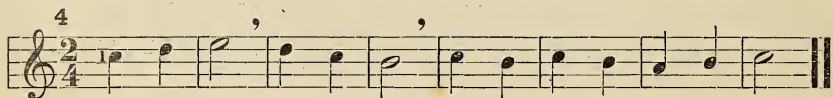
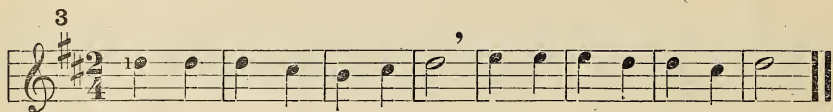
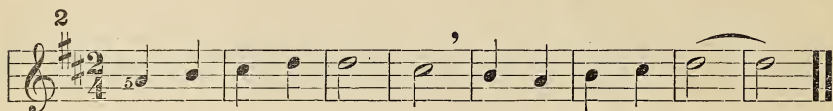
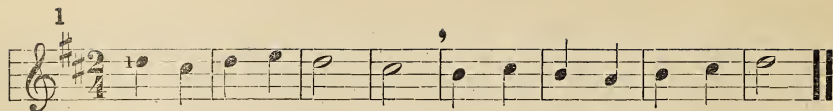
sky a - lone and far, I can see,  
 are so far a - way. Peek - a - boo,  
 bright, how bright you are! Shad - ows creep,

GROUP II

, ALL

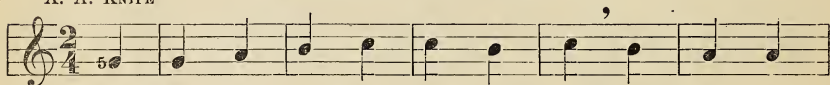


I can see How you laugh and wink at me.  
 Peek - a - boo, See me send a kiss to you.  
 Shad - ows creep, Don't for - get me while I sleep.

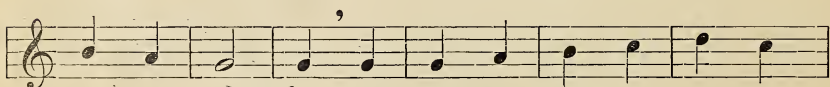


## THIRSTY FLOWERS

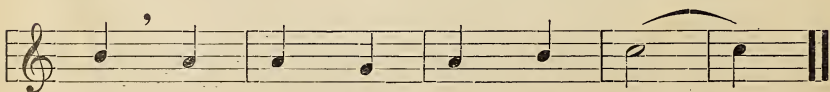
A. A. KNIPE



1. I have a lit - tle wa-t'ring pot, It holds two  
2. They lift their heads, as flow - ers should, And look so



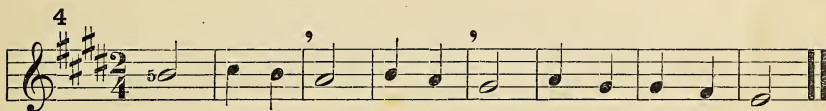
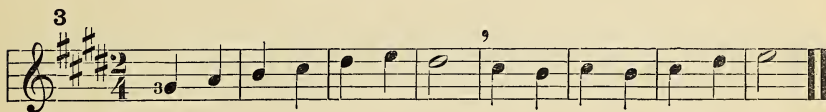
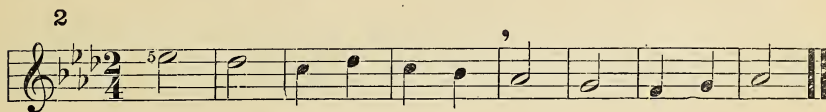
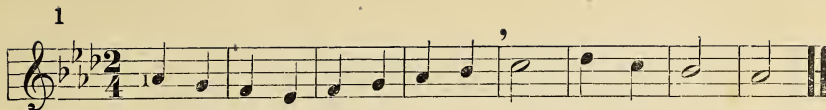
quarts, I think; . And when the days are ve - ry  
green and gay; . . I'm sure that if they on - ly



hot, I give the plants a drink. .  
could, "We thank you, sir,"\* they'd say. . .

\* Or, Miss.



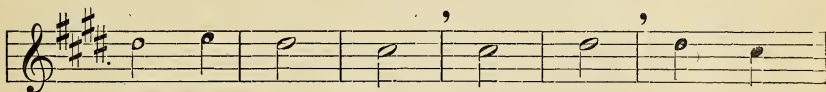


## SWINGING

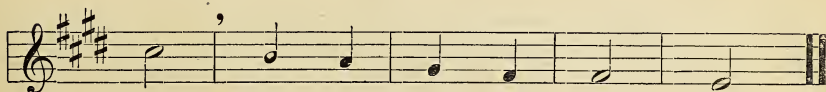
JULIA W. BINGHAM



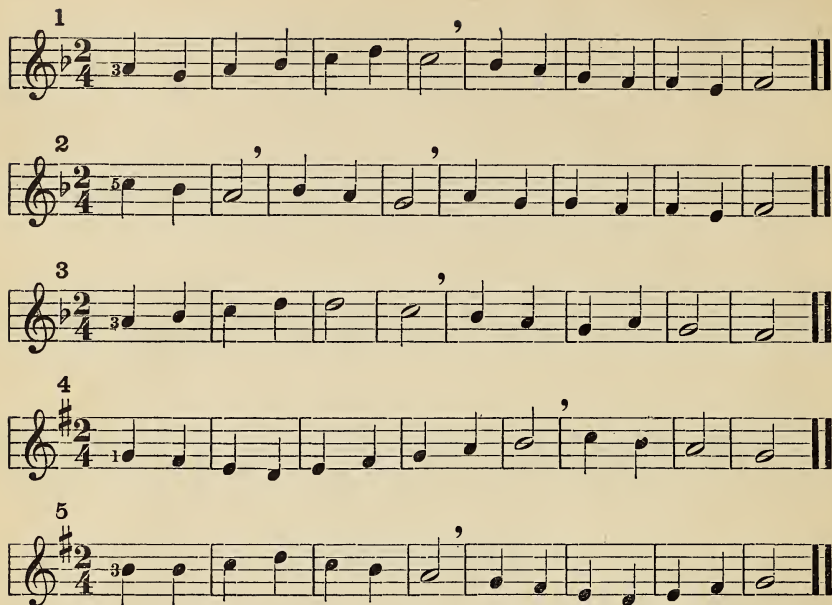
1. Swing, swing, here we go, Right in -  
2. Fast, O fast - er go, Till we



to the tree - top. Down, up, to and  
think we're fly - ing. Then slow, ve - ry

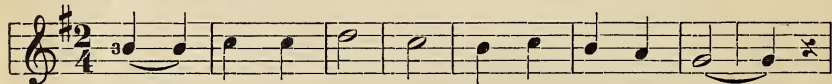


fro, Nev - er let the swing stop.  
slow,— Now the old cat's dy - ing.

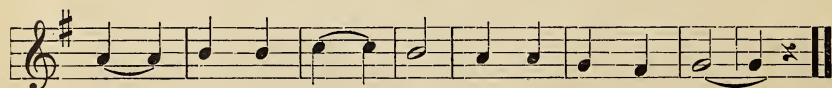


## WINTER

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



1. Lit - tle fai - ry snow-flakes Danc-ing in the blue;
2. Twi - light and fire - light Sha-dows come and go;
3. Moth-er knit-ting stock-ings (Pus-sy's got the ball),—



Old Mis - ter San-ta Claus, What is keep-ing you?  
 Mer - ry chimes of sleigh-bells Tink-ling thro' the snow;  
 Don't you think that Win-ter's Pleas-ant-er than all?

## SECOND SECTION

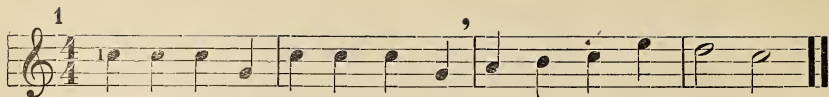
Tones of the Tonic Triad. Four-Pulse Rhythm. Rests

## LULLABY

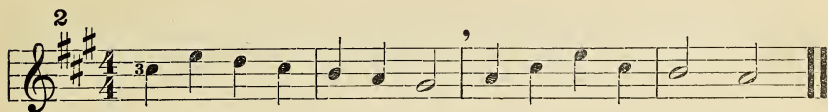
KATE LOUISE BROWN

1. Go to sleep, Go to sleep, Lit-tle Dolly, go to sleep.
2. Shut your eyes, Shut your eyes, Lit-tle Dolly, shut your eyes.
3. Rest, my dear, Rest, my dear, Lit-tle Dolly, rest, my dear.

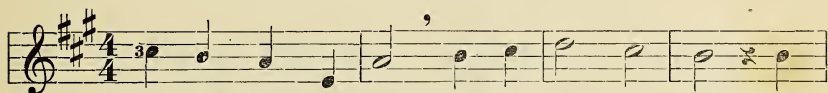
Hush-a - by-lo, Hush-a - by-lo, Sleep well, my Dol-ly.  
 Dreams are waiting, Dreams are waiting, Dream well, my Dol-ly.  
 Hush-a - by-lo, Hush-a - by-lo, Rest well, my Dol-ly.







### WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?



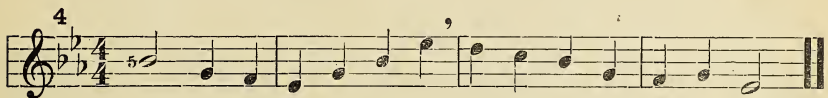
1. Who has seen the wind? Nei-ther I nor you; But

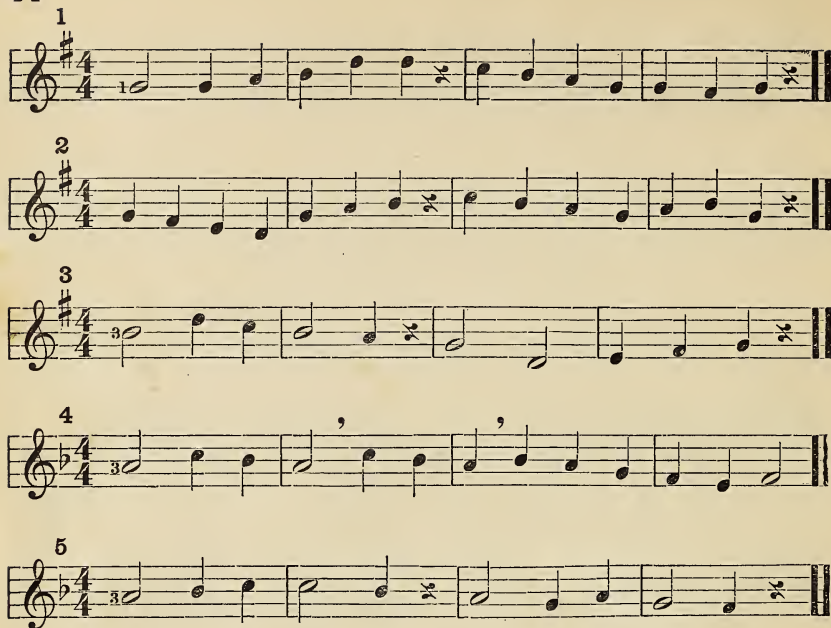
2. Who has seen the wind? Nei-ther you nor I: But



when the leaves hang tremb - ling, The wind is pass-ing thro'.

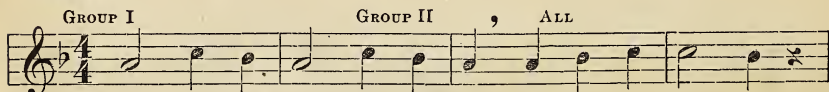
when the trees bow down their heads, The wind is pass-ing by.



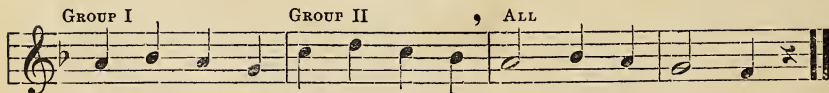


## THE PLAYFUL WAVE

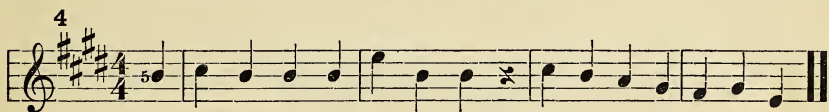
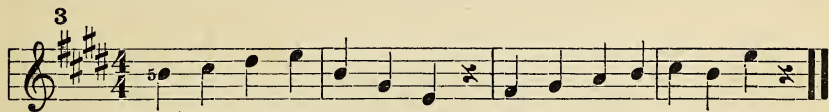
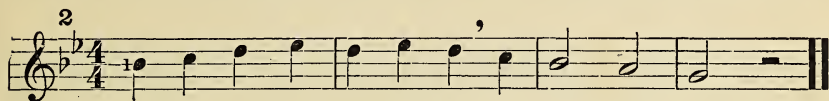
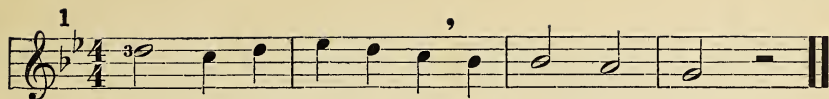
BENNETT



1. Wave, come and go; Come and go; You want to play, now;
2. Wave, dance to me, Dance to me, I'll dance to you, now;
3. Wave, hand in hand, Hand in hand, We'll dash a-way, now;

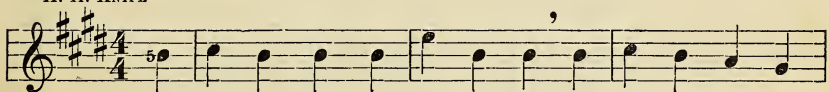


Try to tag me, Try to tag me, I'll run a-way, now!  
 Scam-per fast - er, Scamper fast - er, You'll catch me, too, now!  
 All a - bout us, All a - bout us, We'll send the spray, now!

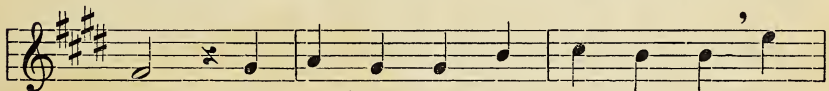


## STAYING UP LATE

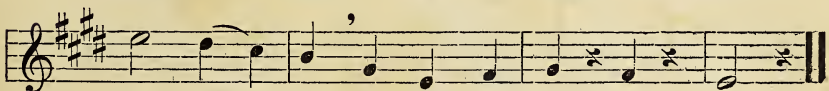
A. A. KNIPE



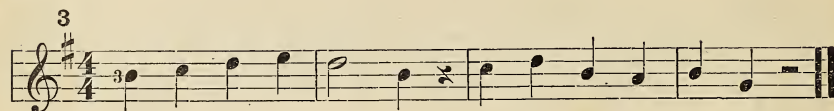
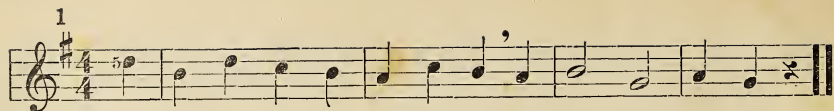
1. One eve-ning, when my bedtime came, I did-n't want to
2. And so I stay'd and stay'd and stay'd, Thro' all the night, I
3. But when at last the sun a - rose, A-shin-ing warm and



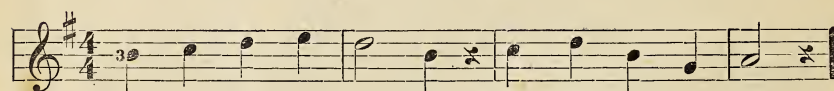
go, So moth - er said I might stay up For  
think, And nev - er went to bed at all Nor  
red, I found I had my night - y on, And



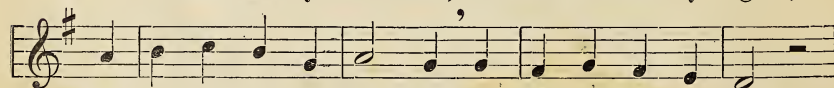
just this once, for just this once, you know.  
slept a . . lit - tle wink, a lit - tle wink.  
I was sit - ting up in bed, in bed.



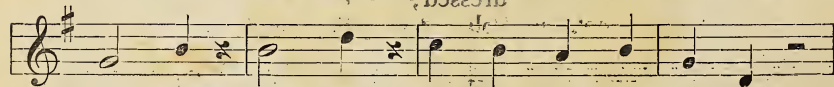
## FAIRY FOLK



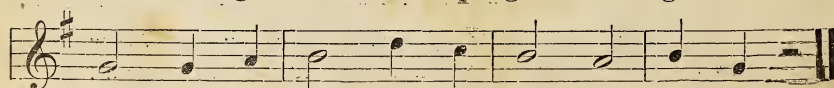
1. Up the air - y moun-tain, Down the rush - y glen,
2. By the crag-gy hill - side, Through the moss-es bare,
3. High up - on the hill - top Old King Fai - ry sits,—
4. O what fun - ny mu - sic, On the star-ry nights,



We dare not go a-hunt-ing For fear of lit-tle men.  
 They've plant-ed ug-ly thorn-trees For pleas-ure here and there.  
 The nim-ble trick-sy fel-low, He's near-ly lost his wits.  
 When he in-vites to sup-per, Queen of Northern Lights.



Wee folk, good folk, Troop-ing all to-geth-er,

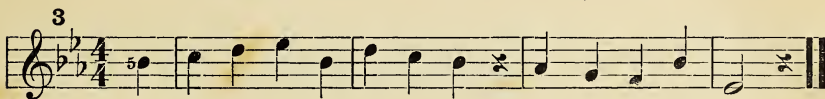
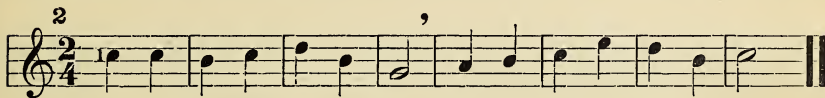
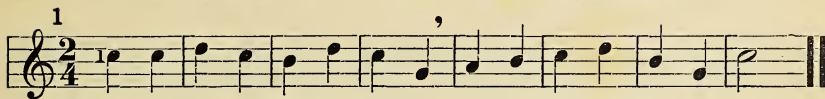


Green jack-et, red cap, And white owl's feath-er.



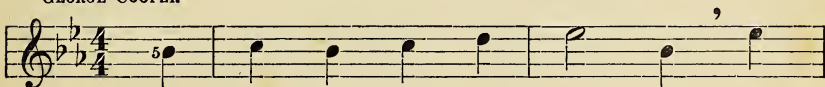
## THIRD SECTION

Tones of the Dominant Triad. Minor Tonality. Three-Pulse Rhythm

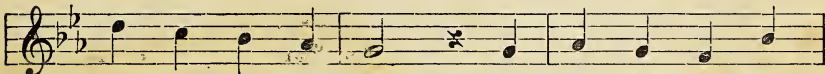


## OCTOBER'S PARTY

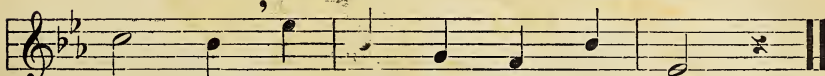
GEORGE COOPER



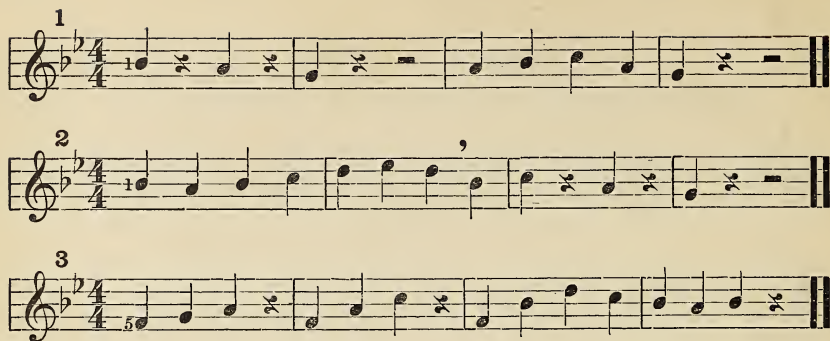
1. Oc - to - ber gave a par - ty, The
2. The sun - shine spread a car - pet, And
3. The Chest - nuts came in yel - low, The
4. And in the sha - dy hol - lows, At



leaves by hun-dreds came, The Chest-nuts, Oaks, and  
 ev - 'ry - thing was rand; Miss Wea - ther led the  
 Oaks in crim - son The love - ly Miss - es  
 hide-and - seek they played; The par - ty closed at



Ma - ples, And leaves by ev - 'ry name.  
 danc - ing, Pro - fess - or Wind the band.  
 Ma - ple In scar - let looked their best.  
 sun - down, But ev - 'ry - bod - y stayed.



## WINTER NIGHT

MARY F. BUTTS



1. Blow, wind, blow! Drift the fly-ing snow!
2. Shriek, wind, shriek! Make the branches creak!

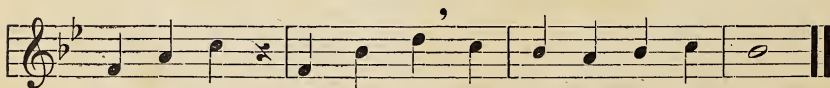
[Echo.]\*



Send it twirl-ing, whirl-ing o-ver-head, [o-ver-head!]  
 Bat-tle with the boughs till break o' day! [break o' day!]

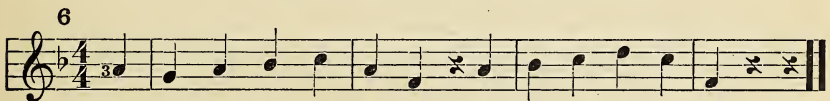
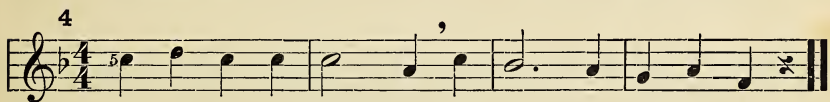
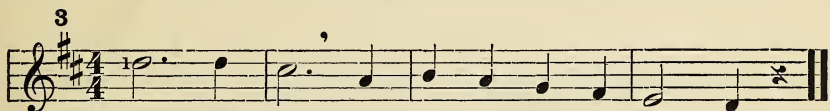
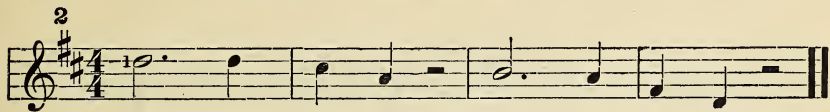
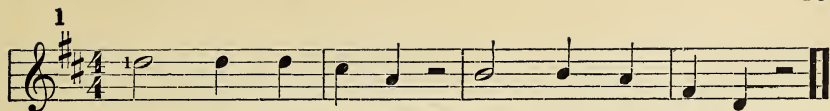


There's a bed-room in a tree Where, as snug as snug can be,  
 In a snow-cave warm and tight, Thro' the i-cy win-ter night



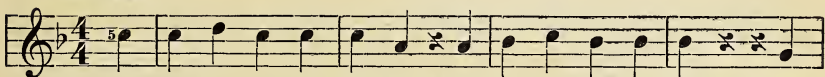
Squir-rel nests, Squir-rel nests with-in his co-sey bed.  
 Rab-bit sleeps, Rab-bit sleeps the peaceful hours a-way.

\*This may be sung as an echo, or hummed.

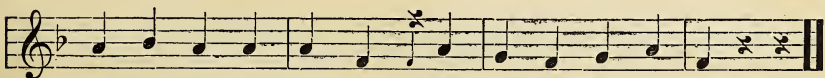


## MY KITTEN

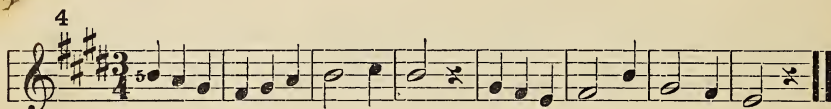
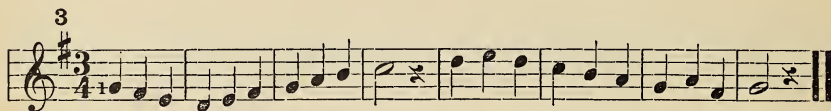
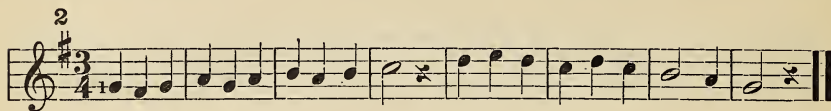
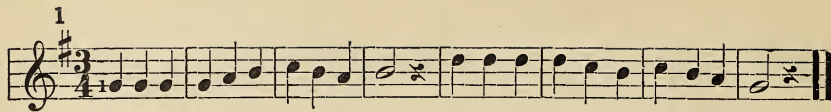
G. E. WESSON



1. I had a lit-tle Kit-ten, His name was Pussy Grey; I
2. She petted him, she fed him On things to make him fat; And



lent him to a la-dy While I was far a-way.  
now I have him back a-gain, My Kit-ten is a Cat.

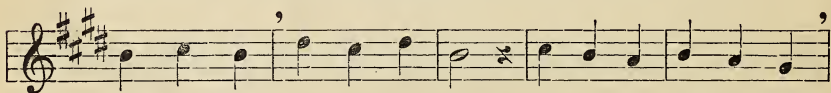


## ONLY A BABY SMALL

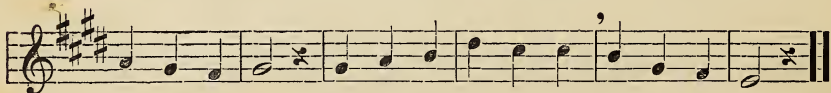
MATTHIAS BARR



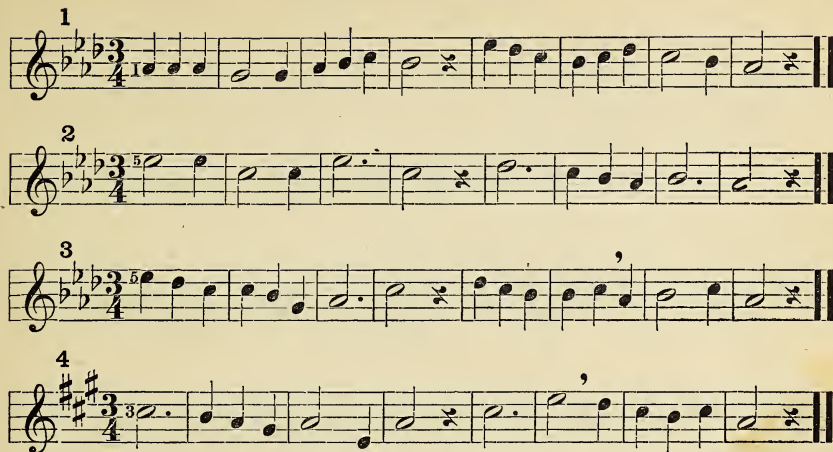
1. On - ly a ba-by small, Dropt from the skies; On - ly a  
2. On - ly a gold - en head, Cur - ly and soft; On - ly a



laugh - ing face, Two sun - ny eyes; On - ly two cher - ry lips,  
tongue that wags Loudly and oft; On - ly a ba - by small,

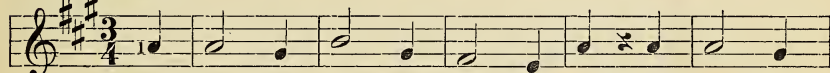


One chubby nose; On - ly two lit - tle hands, Ten little toes.  
Nev - er at rest; Small, but how dear to us, God knoweth best.

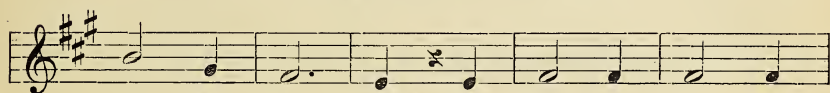


## THE SONG-SPARROW'S TOILET

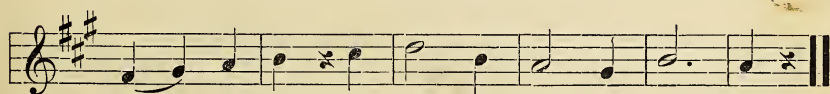
H. H. BENNETT



1. A splash in - to a sil - ver brook; A dain - ty
2. A lit - tle shake, a lit - tle tweak To stir up
3. A stretch of wing, some fluf - fy shakes; A flash—he's



lit - tle dip - ping; A dart in - to a  
 ev - 'ry feath - er; A pret - ty preen - ing  
 flown a - way, sir! And that is how the



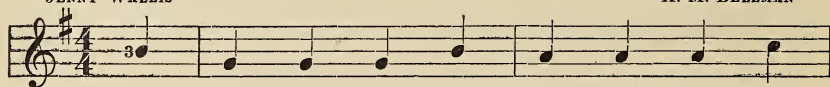
qui - et nook With all his feath - ers drip - ping.  
 with his beak To lay them all to - geth - er.  
 spar - row makes His toi - let for the day, sir!



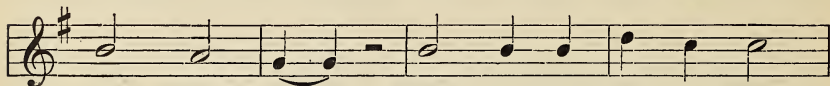
## MISTRESS KITTY

JENNY WALLIS

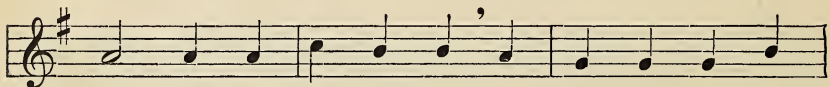
K. M. BELLMAN



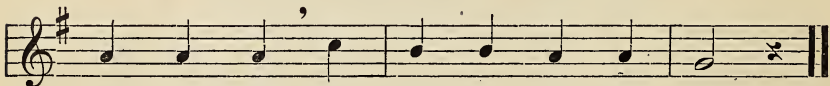
1. O Mis - tress Kit - ty from the cit - y,  
 2. "My kit - tens white my heart de - light, my



from the cit - y, How do your kit - tens grow,  
 heart de - light, Their fur is just like snow,

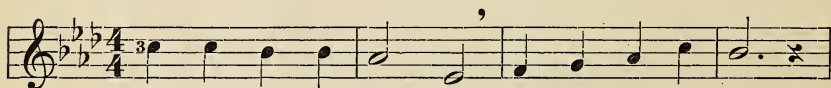


How do your kit - tens grow, With eyes so bright And  
 Their fur is just like snow; They play and fight From

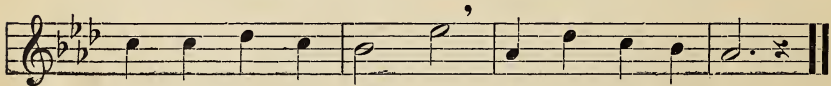


fur so white, And teeth a shin - ing row?  
 morn till night, And that's the way they grow."

## EVENING SONG



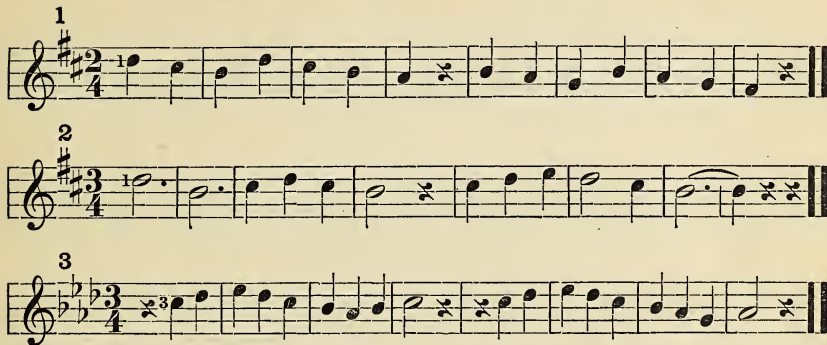
1. Now the sun is sink - ing In the gold-en west;  
 2. And the mer - ry stream-let, As it runs a - long,  
 3. Cow-slip, dai - sy, vio - let, In their lit - tle beds



Birds and bees and chil - dren All have gone to rest.  
 With a voice of sweet - ness Sings its eve - ning song.  
 All a - mong the grass - es Hide their wea - ry heads.

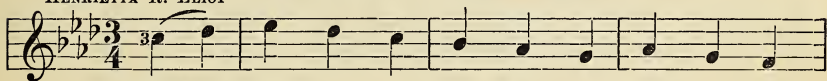
## FOURTH SECTION

**Tones of the Subdominant Triad. Further Study of Rests and the Tie. Review**

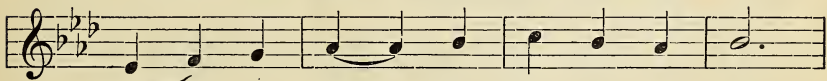


## A FUNNY FIDDLER

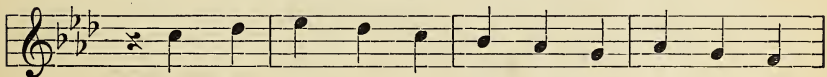
HENRIETTA R. ELIOT



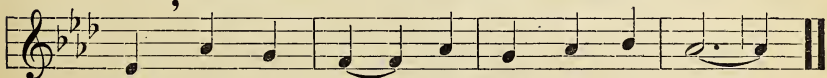
1. What a smart lit - tle fel - low a crick - et must
2. But then if a crick - et should hap - pen to



be! For if what they tell us is true,  
feel . Like danc - ing, how fine it would be!



When he seems to be sing-ing, he's fid-dling in -  
For with two of his legs he could fid - dle the



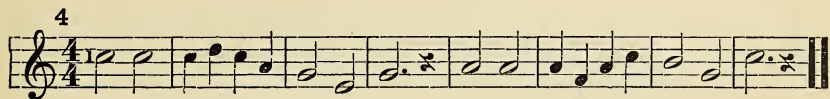
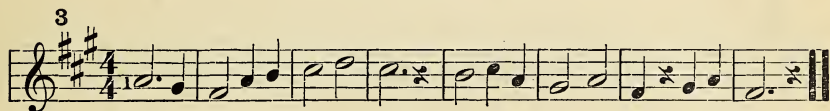
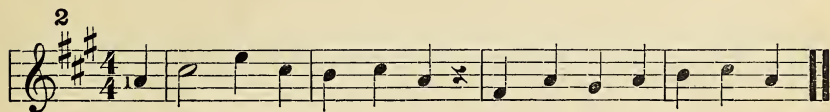
stead, Which must be much hard - er to do. . .  
tune, And could dance with the oth - ers, you see! . .

## WINTER SONG

E. LOUISE LIDDELL

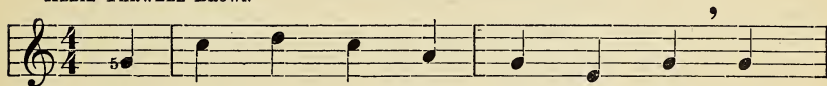
1. Sing a song of snow-flakes Fly-ing in the air;
2. Sing of feath-'ry snow-banks, Earth in daz-zling white;
3. Sing of mer-ry maid - ens, Sing of blithesome boys,

Sing a song of sleigh-bells, Tink-ling ev - 'ry-where.  
 Sing of gleam-ing ice - fields, Sparkling in the light.  
 Skat - ing, slid - ing, coast-ing, Full of fun and noise.

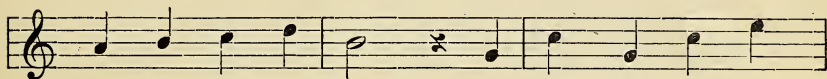


## SAND-WELLS

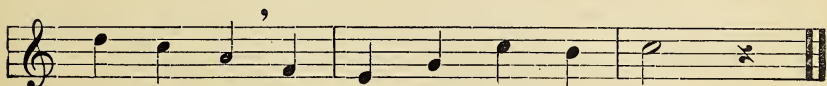
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



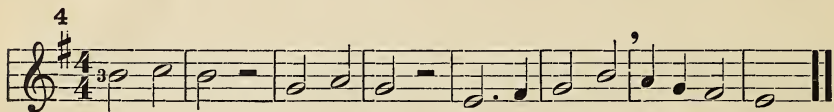
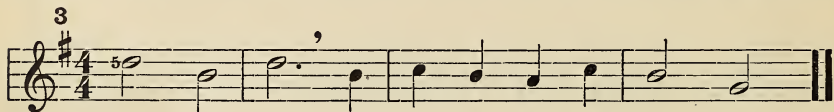
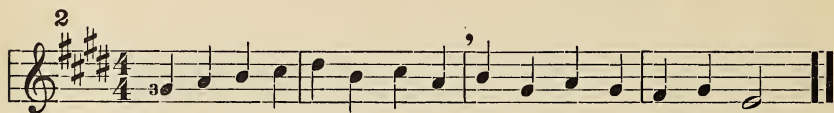
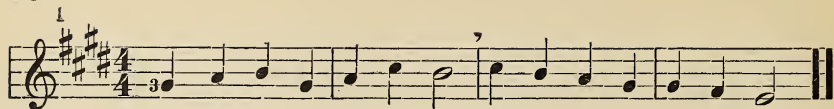
1. I made a pic - ture in the sand, A  
2. And then, well, well! what do you think? It



great big Gi - ant Face; I scooped the eyes out  
was a great sur - prise: The Gi - ant Face be -

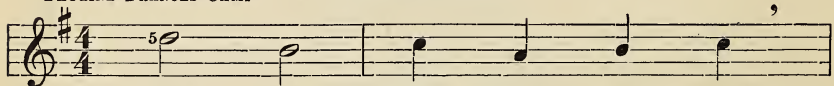


with my hands, In quite the prop - er place.  
gan to wink, And tears came in his eyes!

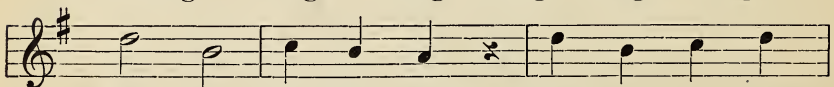


## DECEMBER

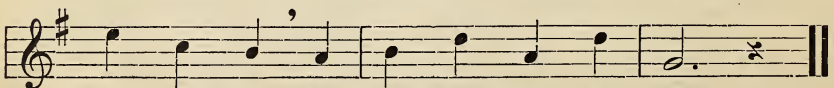
PAULINE FRANCES CAMP



1. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!
2. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!
3. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!

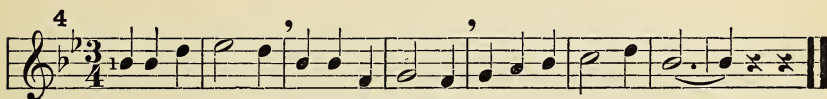
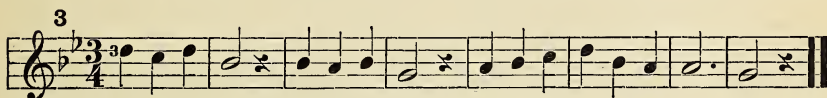
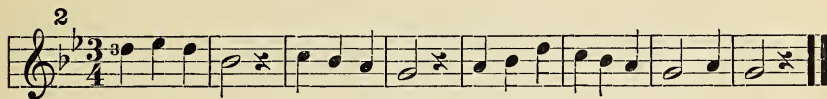
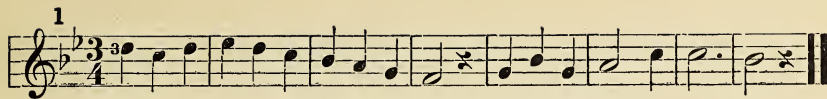


Hear the joy bells ring! One and thir - ty  
 Hear the joy bells ring! I - ci - cles hang  
 Hear the joy bells ring! Hol - ly ber - ries



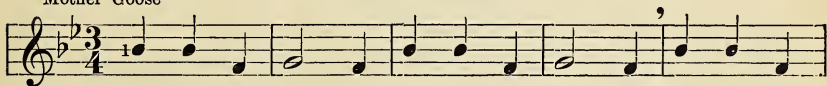
lit - tle men To make them chime and sing.  
 glit - t'ring down And spar - kle from the eaves.  
 gleam and glow Be - neath their glos - sy leaves.





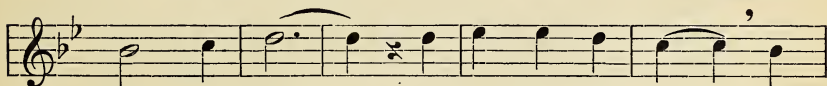
## JACK HORNER AND MISS MUFFET

Mother Goose

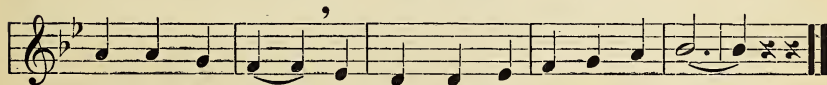


1. Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner Sat in a cor - ner, Eat-ing a

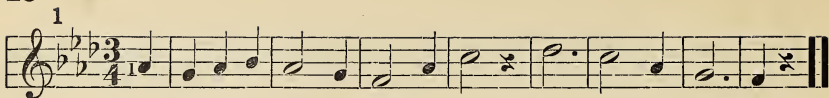
2. Lit - tle Miss Muf - fet Sat on a tuf - fet, Eat-ing some



Christ - mas pie; . . He put in his thumb, And  
curds and whey; . There came a great spi - der, And



pull'd out a plum, And said: "What a good boy am I!"  
sat down beside her, And frighten'd Miss Muffet a-way.

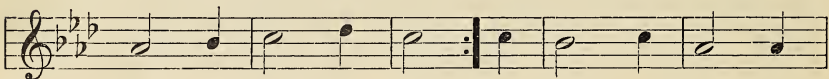


## MARIE'S ACCIDENT

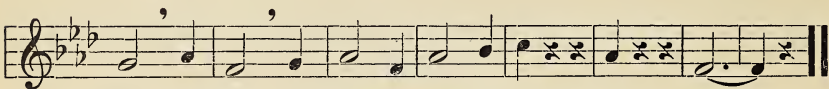
DELIA HART STONE



1. "Now tell me why you cry, Ma - rie!" "I've had an
2. "Where are your bruise - es? Dear - y me! What was your



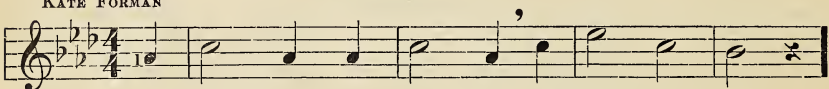
ac - ci - dent," sobbed she. 3. "I al - most tum - bled  
ac - ci - dent, Ma - rie?"



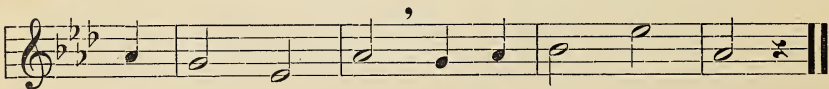
down," she said, "And ver-y near - ly bumped my head!"

## MARCHING

KATE FORMAN



1. "A - wake!" says the trum - pet, "the hour has come;
2. "March on!" says the drum - beat, "our ban - ners wave;
3. "Now halt!" says the bu - gle, "be - fore we tire,
4. "O sleep!" says the night - wind, "and dream a - way;



We'll march a - way to the roll - ing drum."  
The way is long, but our hearts are brave."  
And watch the flames of our good camp - fire."  
You'll march a - gain at the break of day!"

## FIFTH SECTION

Tones of All Triads, in Simplest Relationships

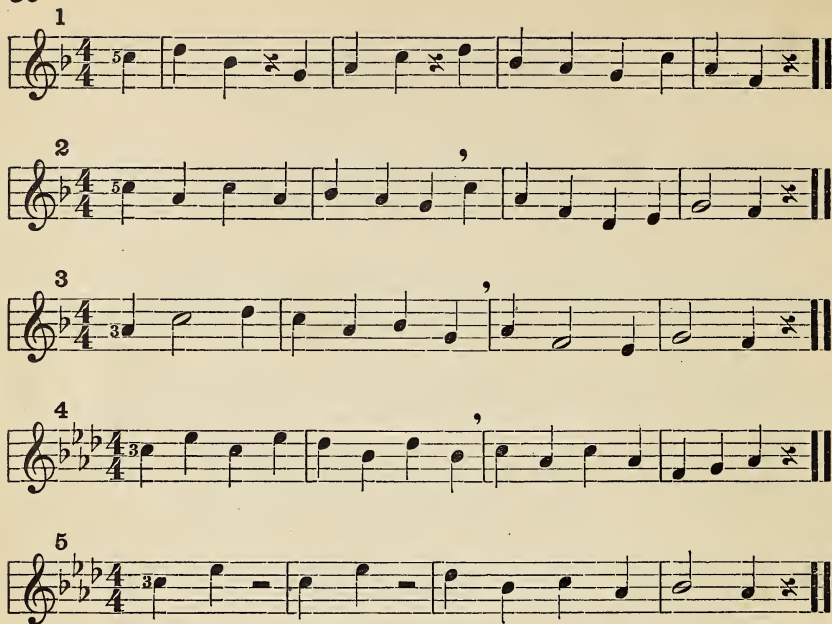
## THE CANDY LION

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

1. A can - dy Li - on's ver - y good, Be -
2. But though it's ver - y nice for me, It's
3. And first, there's no tail an - y more ; And

cause he can - not bite, . Nor wan - der roar - ing  
not so nice for him ; . For ev - 'ry day he  
next, he has no head ; And then, he's just a

for his food, ° Nor eat up folks at night.  
seems to be More shape - less, and more slim.  
can - dy Roar, And might as well be dead.



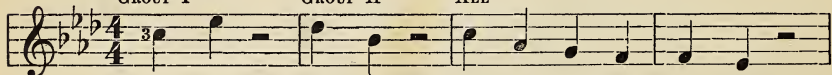
## IN THE SUNSHINE

KATE LOUISE BROWN

GROUP I

GROUP II

ALL

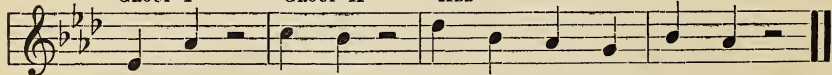


- |               |            |                             |
|---------------|------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Swing-ing, | swing-ing, | In the sun-shine swing-ing, |
| 2. Sway-ing,  | sway-ing,  | All so la - zy, sway-ing,   |
| 3. Swing-ing, | sway-ing,  | Hap-py in your play-ing,    |

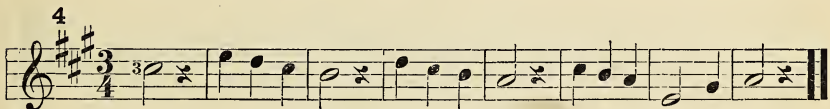
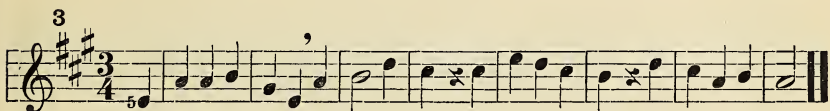
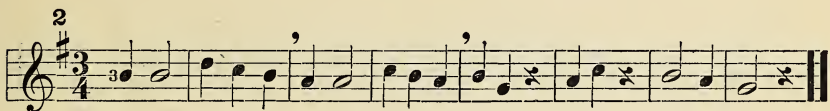
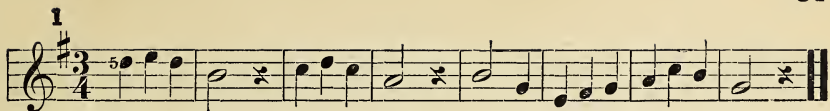
GROUP I

GROUP II

ALL

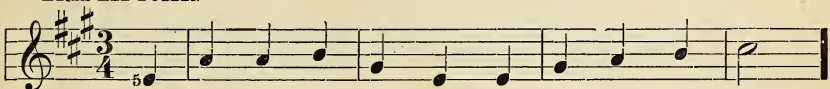


Rob - ins,	rob - ins,	All a - bout me sing-ing.
Grass-es,	grass - es,	With the breez-es play-ing.
Rob - ins,	grass - es,	Tell me what you're say-ing.

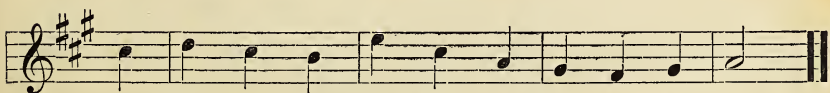


## THE MOON

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

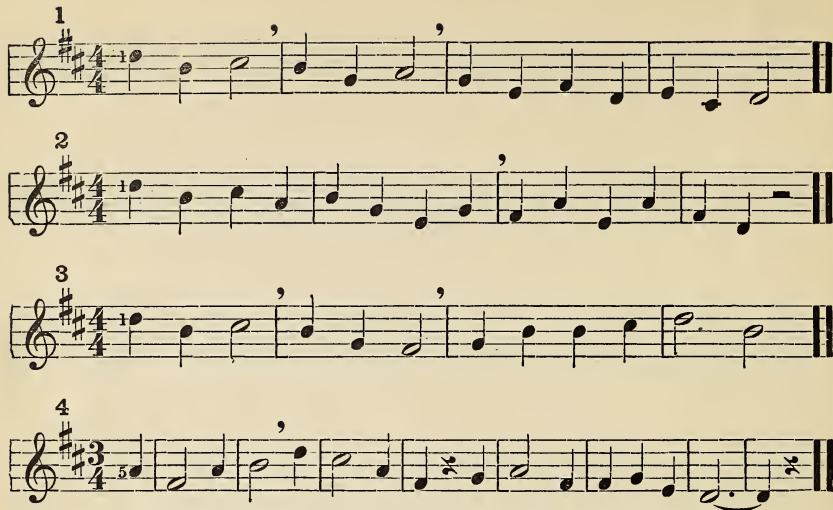


1. O, look at the Moon, She is shin-ing up there;
2. Last week she was small-er, And shap'd like a bow;
3. O Moon, pretty Moon, How you shine on the door;
4. You shine on my playthings And show me their place;



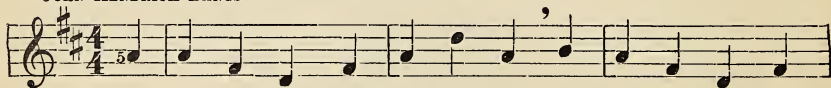
O Moth-er, she looks Like a lamp in the air.  
 But now she's grown big-ger And round like an O.  
 And make it all bright On my nur-ser-y floor.  
 I love to look up At your pret-ty, bright face.



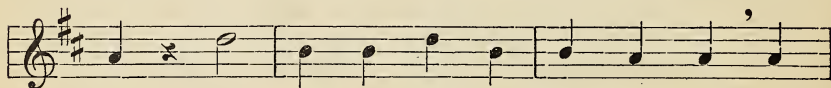


## THE ELF-MAN

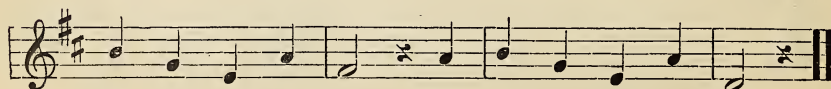
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



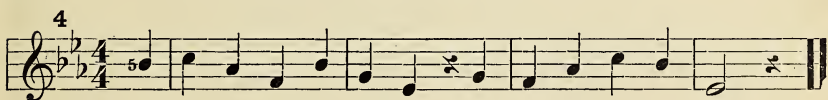
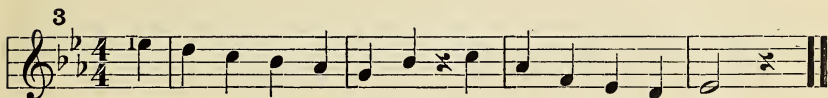
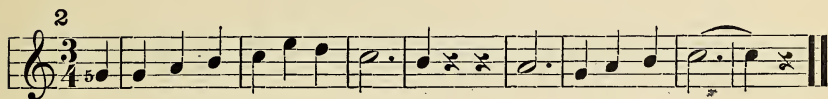
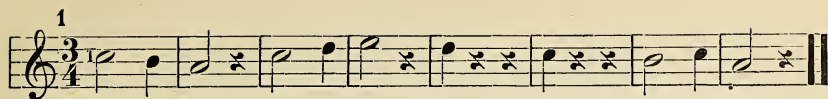
1. I saw a lit - tle Elf-man once, Down where the lilies
2. He slightly frown'd, and with his eye He looked me thro' and



blow, I asked him why he was so small, And  
thro'. "I'm quite as big for me," said he, "As



why he did not grow, And why he did not grow.  
you are big for you, As you are big for you."

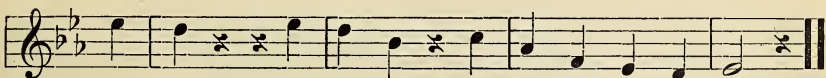


## SNOW

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



1. If snow were on-ly su- gar, How pleasant it would be!
2. We'd pick the love-ly frost-ing From ev-'ry bush and tree;
3. We'd skate on su- gar taf- fy, We'd coast on su- gar hills;
4. And snow-drifts would be jolly To roll in af- ter spills,

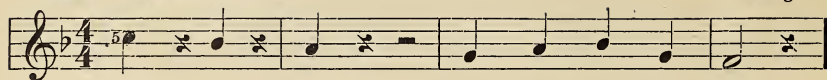


If snow	were su- gar,	How pleasant it would be!
We'd pick	the frost-ing	From ev-'ry bush and tree.
We'd skate	on taf- fy,	We'd coast on su- gar hills.
To roll,	to roll in,	To roll in af- ter spills.

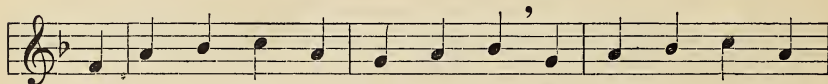
## CLOVERS

HELENA LEEMING JELLIFFE

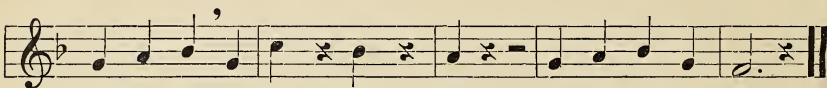
Folksong



Clo - vers fair, bloom-ing ev - 'ry- where.



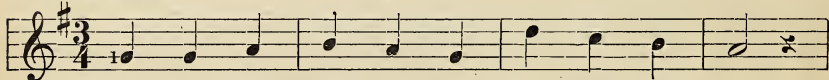
1. The clo - vers have no time to play. They feed the cows and
2. They trim the lawns and help the bees, Un - til the sun sinks
3. And then they lay a - side their cares, And fold their hands to
4. And drop their wea - ry lit - tle heads And go to sleep in



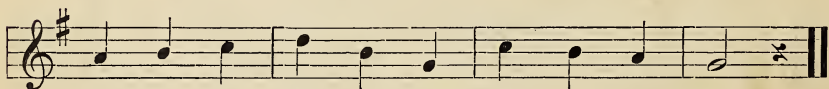
make the hay. O Clo - vers fair, blooming ev-'ry-where.  
 thro' the trees. O Clo - vers fair, blooming ev-'ry-where.  
 say their pray'rs, O Clo - vers fair, blooming ev-'ry-where.  
 clover beds. O Clo - vers fair, blooming ev-'ry-where.

## WAITING TO GROW

FRANK FRENCH



1. Lit - tle white snow-drop is just wak - ing up,
2. Think of the flow'rs that lie un - der the snow,
3. Think of the num - ber of dear lit - tle seeds,
4. Un - der the hedg - es and un - der the snow

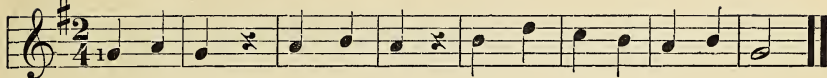


Vio - let and dai - sy and sweet but - ter - cup.  
 Wait - ing and wait - ing and wait - ing to grow.  
 Grass - es and moss - es and smart lit - tle weeds.  
 Wait - ing and wait - ing and wait - ing to grow.

## SIXTH SECTION

Review of Tones of All Triads. The Dominant Seventh-Chord

1



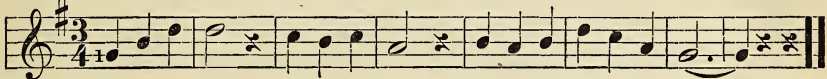
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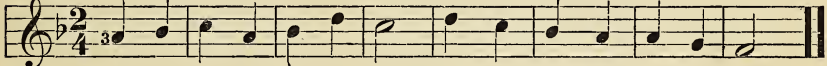
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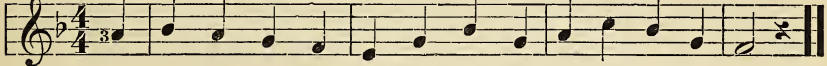
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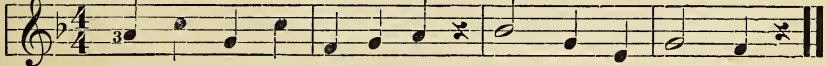
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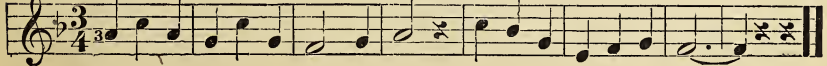
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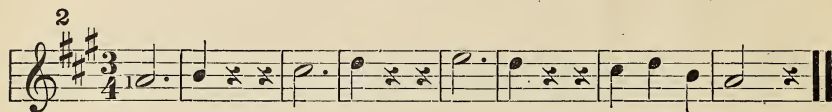
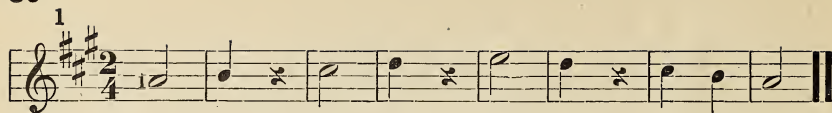


7



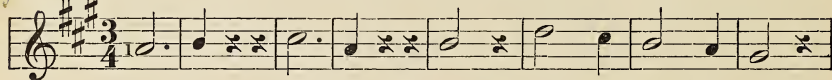
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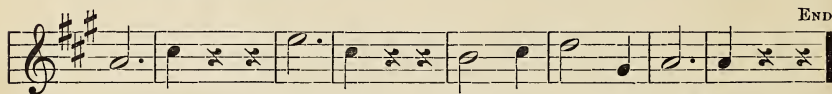


## THE SANDMAN

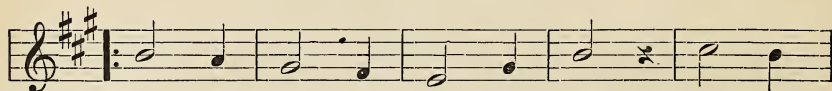
MAY MORGAN



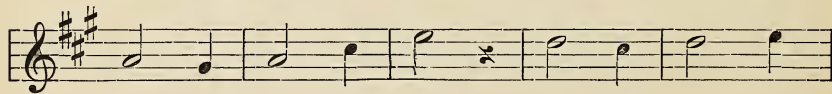
Sand-man, sand-man, Round, round the world you go,  
(Repeat after second stanza.)



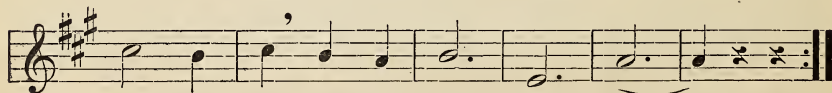
Sand-man, sand-man, Ev-'ry child you know.



When with us you have to be, You're not  
When with us your work is done, Off to

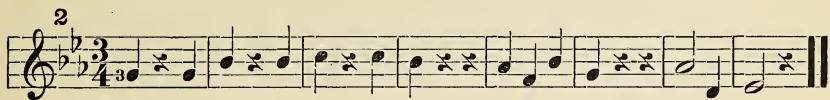
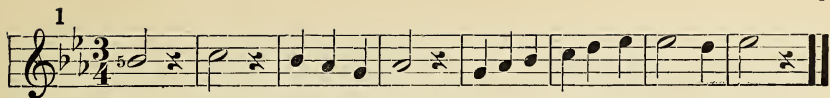


need - ed o'er the sea; For with chil - dren  
oth - er lands you run; For 'tis al - ways



there 'tis day, And they're all at play. . .  
night somewhere, And you must be there. . .





### SING, HAPPY BIRDS



1. Tra la la la la la la, tra la la la

2. Tra la la la la la la, tra la la la

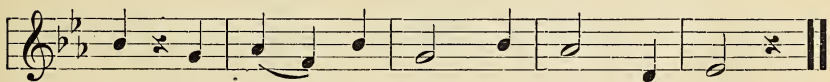


la la la.

Sing, hap - py birds, and build your

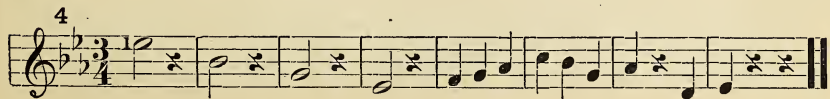
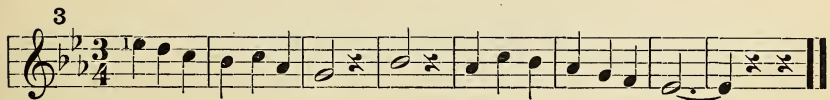
la la la.

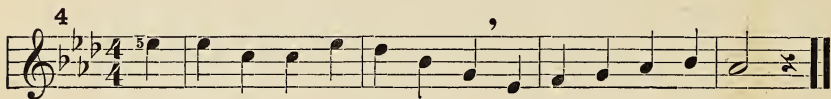
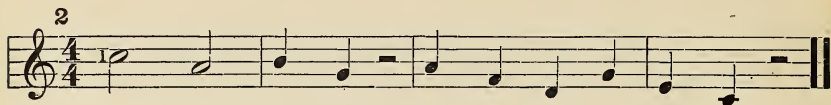
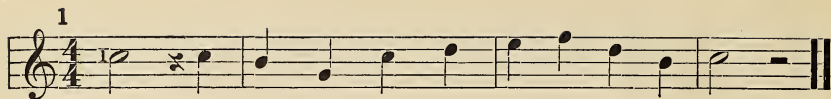
Mer - ri - ly sing, and build your



nests; The earth is green, the sky is clear.

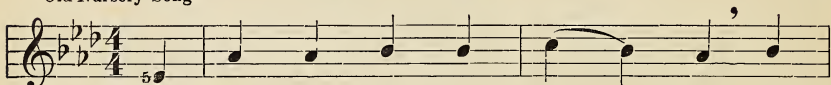
nests, For we are glad to have you here.



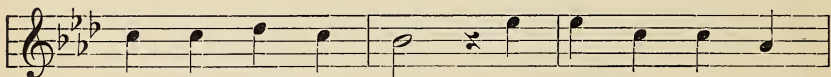


## THE WISE MAN

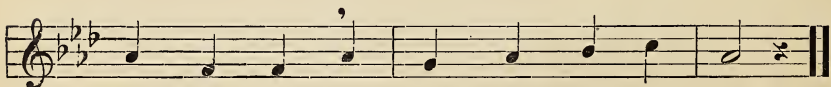
Old Nursery Song



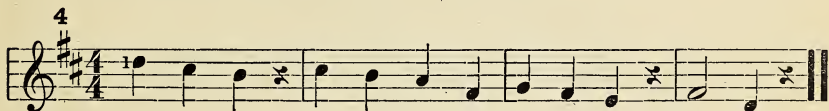
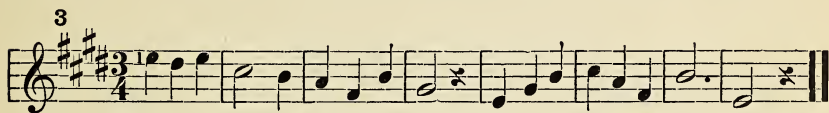
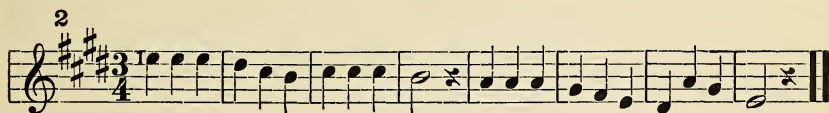
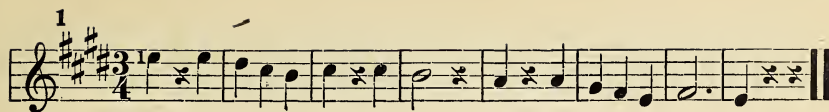
1. There was a man in our town, And  
2. And when he saw his eyes were out, With



he was won-drous wise; He jumped in - to a  
all his might and main He jumped in - to an -

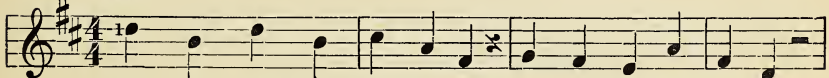


bram - ble bush, And scratched out both his eyes:  
oth - er bush, And scratched them in a - gain.

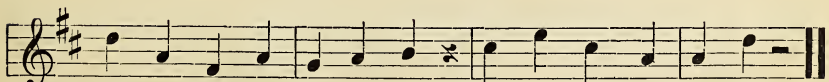


## JUNE

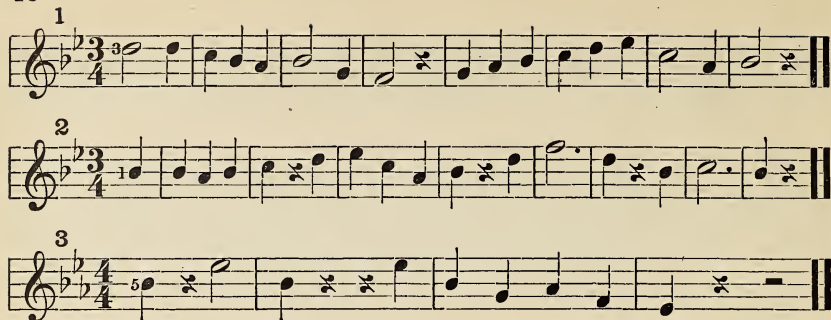
MAY AIKEN



1. June's the month when Bob-o-link Sings thro' all the daytime,
2. Where's his house? I mean, his nest? Here it is! I've found it.



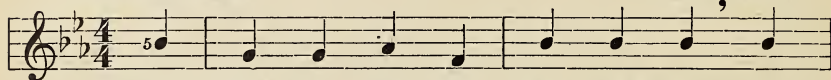
Down here by the riv - er side Where we spend our playtime.  
In a gar - den of green grass, Dai - sy - trees a-round it.



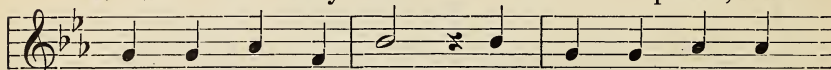
## THE TELEPHONE

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

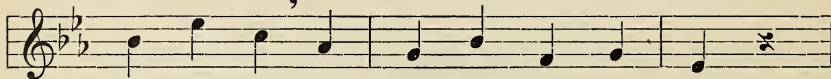
French Folksong



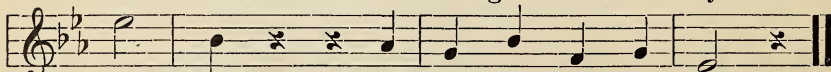
1. "I want to talk with Clo - ver-Bloom," Said
2. Now Mis - ter Spi - der heard her speak As
3. So then he climbed the lad - der stem, And
4. So now they have a tel - e - phone, And



But - ter - cup one day, "I wish there were a  
 he was pass - ing by; "I'll build for you a  
 then he spun a thread A - bove the Dais - ies,  
 But - ter - cup is gay For she can talk to



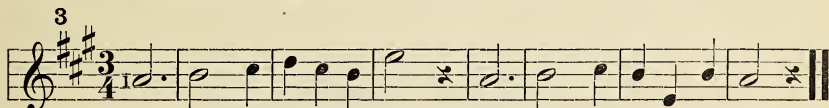
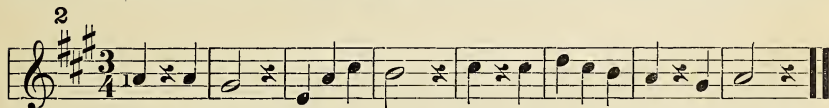
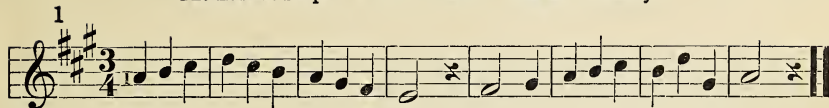
tel - e - phone, She lives so far a - way,  
 tel - e - phone, If you will let me try,  
 how they stared! A - bove the Grass - 's head.  
 Clo - ver-Bloom The live - long sum - mer day.



Heigh - ho! I have so much to say!"  
 Heigh - ho! An ar - chi - tect am I."  
 Heigh - ho! To Clo - ver's house it led.  
 Heigh - ho! I can't tell what they say.

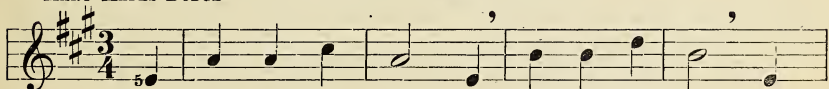
## SEVENTH SECTION

The Easiest Skips. Further Practice in Minor Tonality

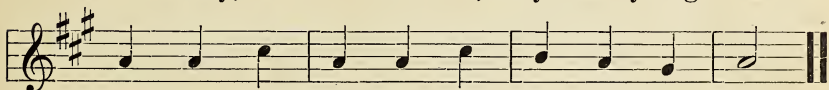


## NELL AND HER BIRD

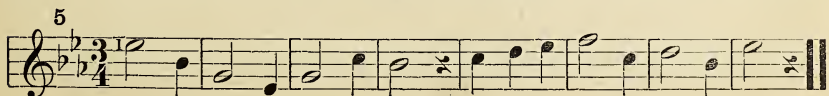
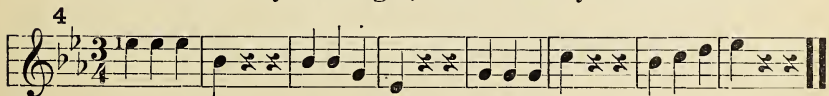
MARY MAPES DODGE



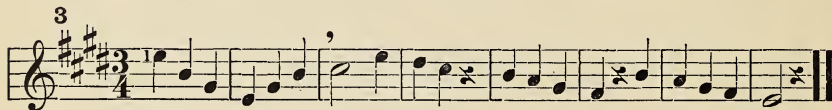
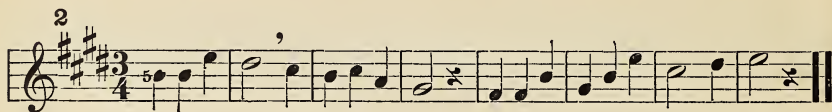
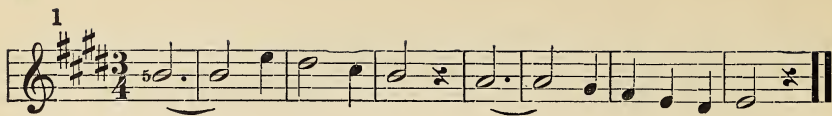
1. Good-by, lit-tle bird-ie, Fly to the sky, A
2. Go tell how I found you, Hurt, in a tree; Then,
3. I'd like to go with you, If I could fly; It
4. But why, lit-tle bird-ie, Why don't you go? You



sing-ing and sing-ing A mer-ry good-by.  
 when they are wound-ed, They'll come right to me.  
 must be so beau-ti-ful, Up in the sky.  
 sit on my fin-ger, And shake your head "No!"

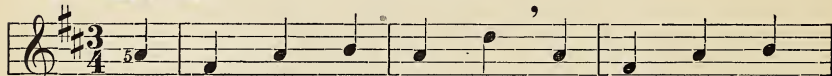






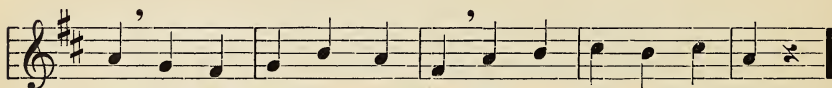
## STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

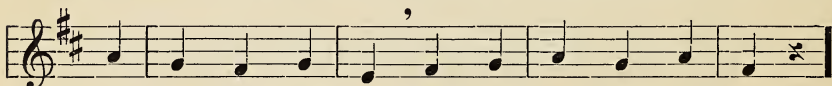


1. "Stop, stop, pret - ty wa - ter," Said Ma - ry, one

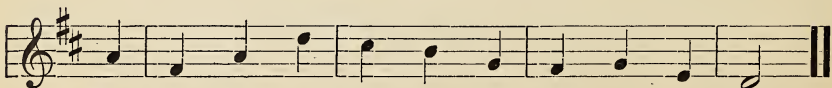
2. "But I will run af - ter,—They tell me I



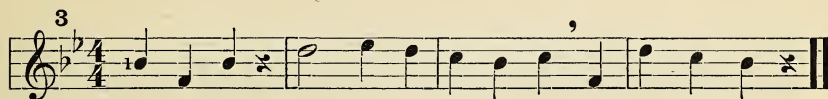
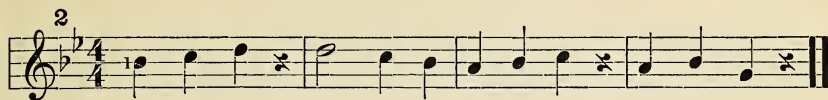
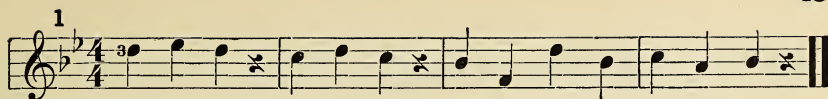
day, To a frolicksome brook That was run - ning a - way.  
may,—For I'd like to know where You are running a - way."



"You run on so fast! O, I wish you would stay;  
So Ma - ry ran on; But I think I've heard say,

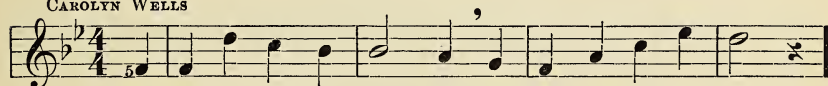


My boat and my flow'rs You will car - ry a - way."  
She nev - er could find Where the brook ran a - way.



## WHITE FIELDS

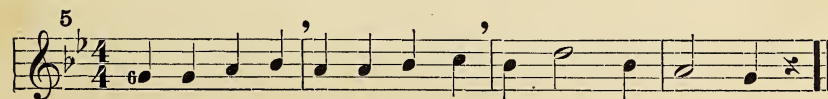
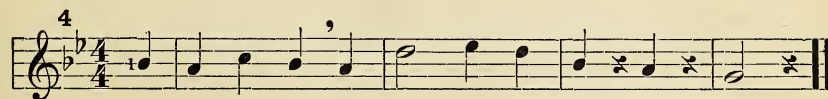
CAROLYN WELLS

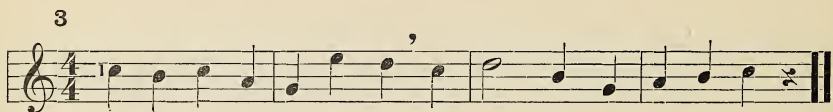
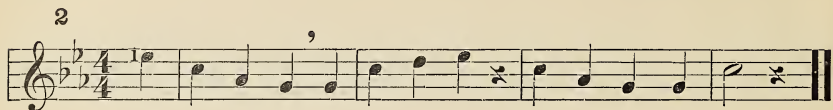


1. I love the days in win - ter, When snow falls all a-round
2. I love the days in sum- mer, When dais-ies are in bloom
3. And which I think the pret-tier I real-ly do not know,



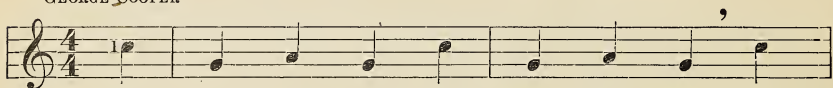
And, like a soft, white blan-ket, Is spread up-on the ground.  
 And cov-er all the mead-ow Like a car-pet on a room.  
 When fields are white with daisies, Or when they're white with snow.



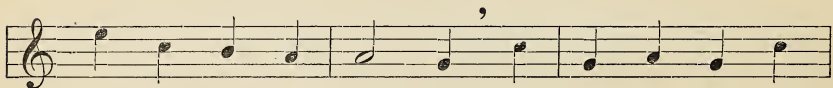


BOB WHITE

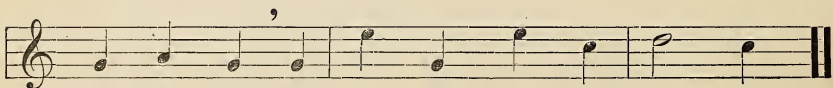
GEORGE COOPER



1. I see you on the zig - zag rails, You  
2. I hear you when the air is full Of



cheer - y    lit - tle    fel - low! While pur - ple leaves are  
snow-down   of   the   this - tle; All   in   your speckled

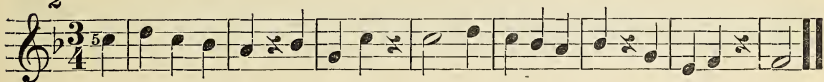


whirl - ing down. And scar - let, brown and yel - low.  
jack - et trim, "Bob White! Bob White!" you whis - tle.

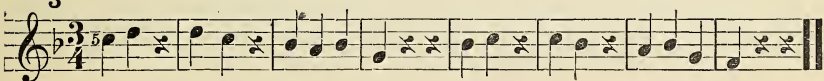
1



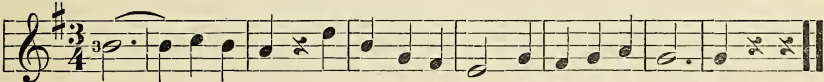
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3

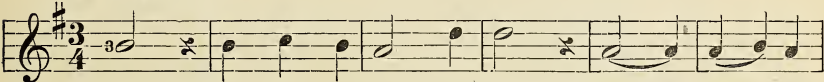


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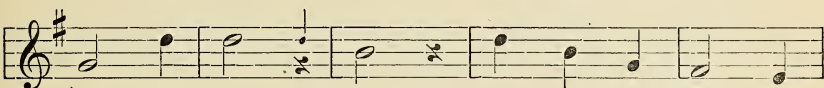


## THE LEAFLETS

KATE LOUISE BROWN



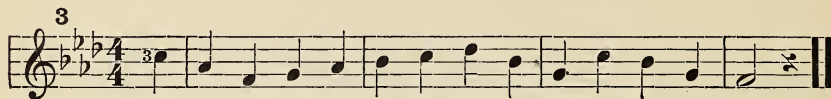
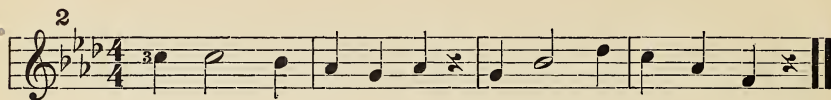
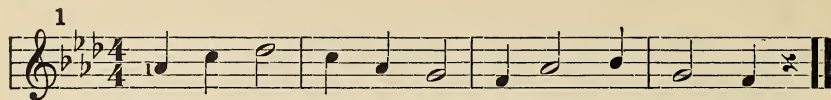
1. Dance, dance, lit - tle leaf-lets, dance, 'Neath the ten - der
2. Now, now you are light and young, Just . fit for a



sky of spring; Dance, dance, in the gold - en  
ba - by play; So dance, dance, lit - tle leaf - lets,

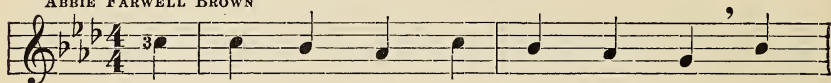


sun, To the tune that the rob - ins sing. .  
dance, And wel - come the mer - ry May. .

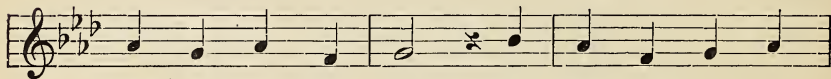


## POOR DIMPLE

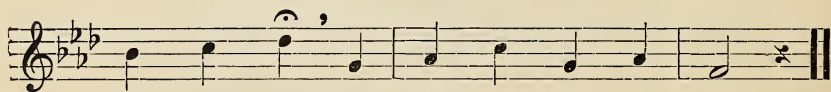
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



1. O Tip - toe, have you heard the news? O,
2. Yes, we were play - ing hide - and - seek, And
3. O, Dim - ple thought the whir - ly - shell The
4. Poor Dim - ple was too roll - y - round, He
5. So there poor Dim - ple weeps and fasts, For



shall I laugh or cry? Poor Dim - ple! Yes, we  
 This - tle-down was it, Then Dim - ple found a  
 nic - est place to hide; He squeezed his plump-ness  
 fit - ted O, so well! He could not e - ven  
 he can eat no more, Till he un - dim - ples

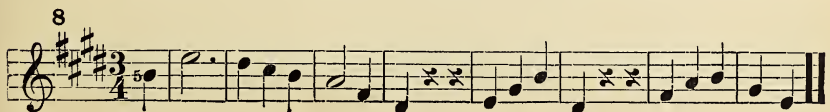
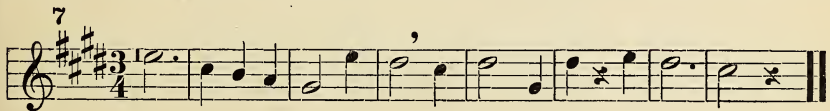
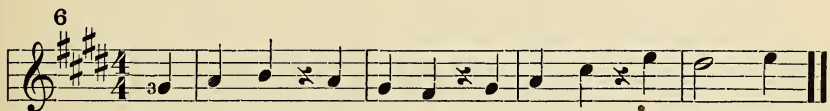
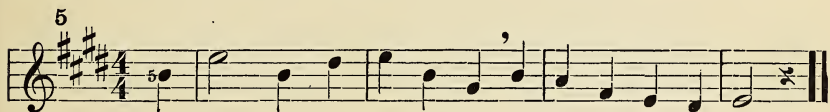
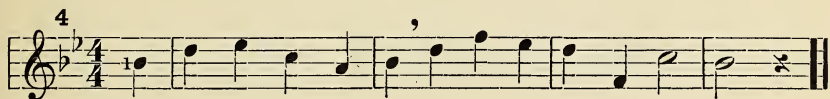
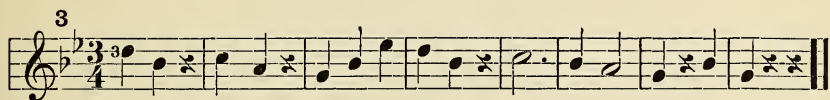
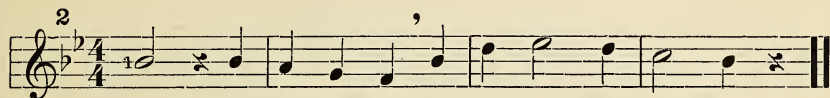
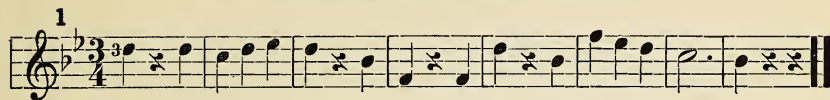


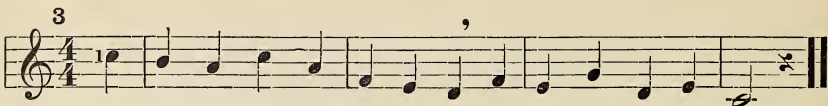
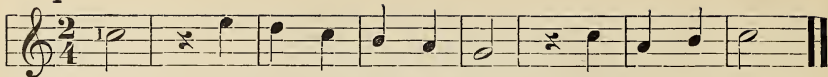
both were there, Were This - tle-down and I.  
 whir - ly shell Which broth - er Snail had quit.  
 through the door And curled him up in - side.  
 turn a - bout In - side the whir - ly shell.  
 long e - nough To wig - gle through the door.



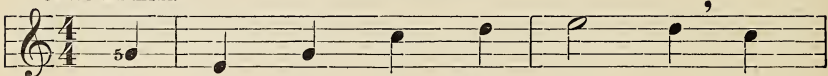
## EIGHTH SECTION

The Larger Intervals. Further Study of Rhythm

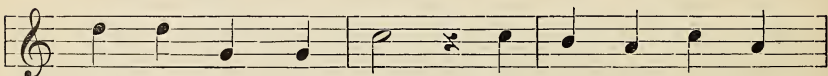




CELIA THAXTER



1. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes  
2. The lit - tle birds fly o - ver, And  
3. And but - ter - cups are com - ing And  
4. And just as ma - ny dai - sies As



out her pow - d'ry curls;      The wil - low buds in  
 O, how sweet they sing!      To tell the lit - tle  
 scar - let col - um - bine,      And in the sun - ny  
 their soft hands can hold      The lit - tle ones may



sil - ver	For	lit - tle	boys and	girls.	O
chil - dren	That	once a -	gain 'tis	spring.	O
mea - dows	The	dan - de	- li - ons	shine.	O
gath - er	All	fair in	white and	gold.	O



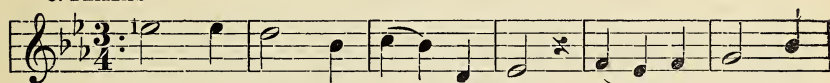
hap-py lit-tle chil-dren, God made them all for you.

\*Other stanzas of the poem may be sung by individual pupils, the class joining in the refrain.

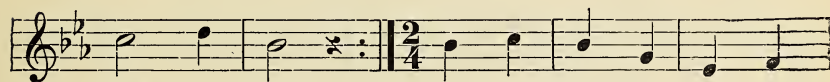


## OUR NATIVE LAND

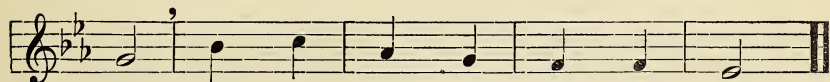
C. PHILLIPS



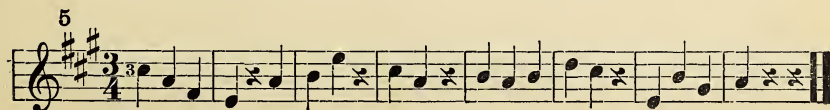
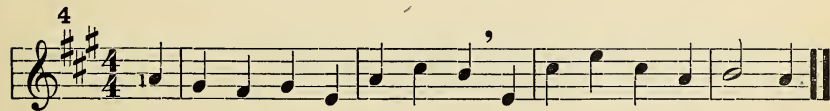
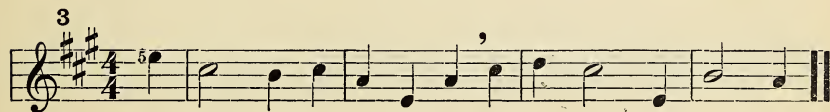
Oth - er coun-tries, far and near, Oth - er peo - ple  
Oth - er coun-tries ne'er can be Half so dear to



hold most dear; As our own, our na - tive  
you and me

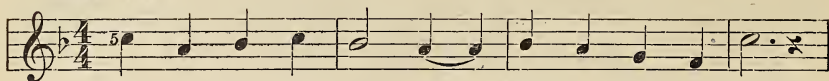


land, By it firm - ly let us stand.



# HE DIDN'T THINK

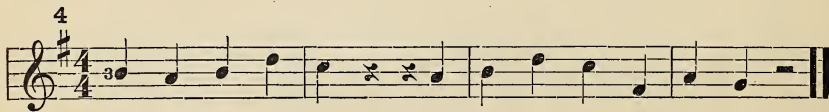
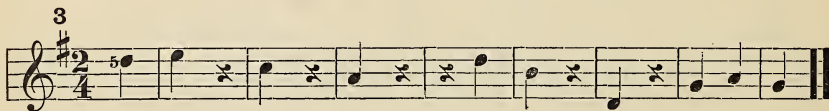
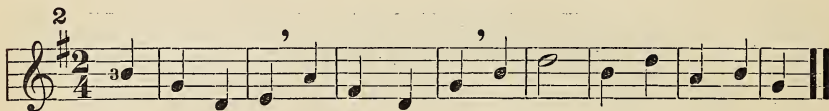
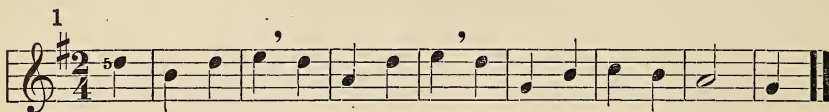
PHOEBE CARY

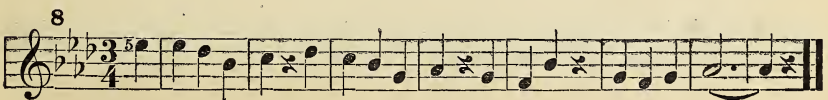
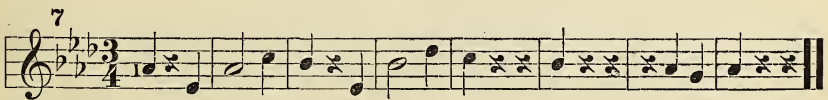
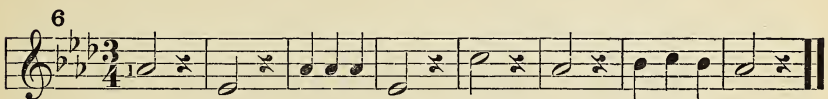
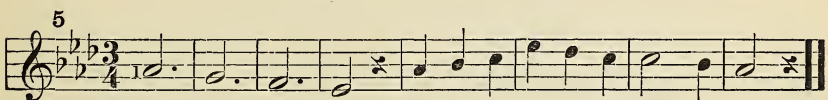
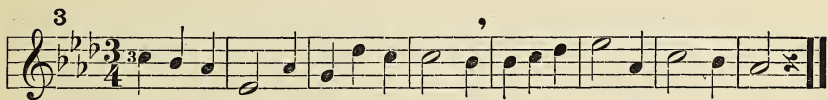
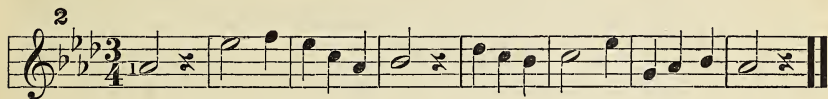
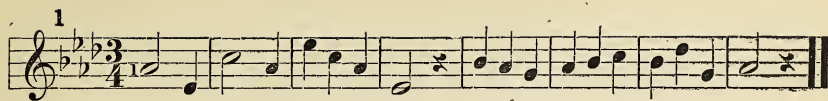


1. Once a trap was bait - ed With a piece of cheese,
2. Moth-er said, "There's danger, Be careful where you go!"
3. So he walked in bold - ly; No-bod - y in sight;
4. Close the trap to - geth - er Snapp'd as quick as wink,



Tick - ling so a mous - ey It al - most made him sneeze.  
 "Nonsense!" said the oth - er, "I don't be - lieve you know."  
 First he took a nib - ble, And then he took a bite.  
 Catch - ing mousey fast there, Be - cause he did - n't think.







# GOD SAVE THE KING

1. God save our gracious king, Long live our no-ble king, God save the king; Send him vic -  
 2. O Lord, our God, a-rise, Scat-ter his en - e-mies, And make them fall; Confound their  
 3. Thy choic-est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour; Long may he reign; May he de -

to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the king.  
 pol - i - tics, Frustrate their knav-ish tricks, On him our hopes we fix; God save us all.  
 fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the king.

# GOD EVER GLORIOUS

Russian National Hymn

1. God ev-er glo-ri-ous, Sov'reign of na-tions, Wav-ing the ban-ner of peace o'er the land,  
 2. Still may Thy blessings rest, Father most ho-ly, O-ver each mountain, rock, river, and shore.

Thine is the vic-to-ry, Thine the sal-va-tion, Strong to de-liv-er, Own we Thine hand.  
 Sing hal-le - lu - jah, Shout in ho-san-nas, God keep our coun-try Free ev - er - more.

## NINTH SECTION

Songs and Themes for Study. Observation of Phrasing

1

2

3

## O WORSHIP THE KING

1. O wor-ship the King, all-glorious a-bove! O grateful-ly sing His pow'r and His love; Our  
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space; His  
 3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It  
 4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust nor find Thee to fail; Thy

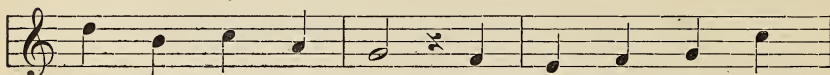
Shield and Defend-er, the An-cient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.  
 chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
 streams from the hills, it descends to the plains, And sweetly distills, in the dew and the rains.  
 mer-cies how ten-der, how firm to the end, Our Maker, De-fend-er, Re-deemer and Friend.

## FROST JEWELS

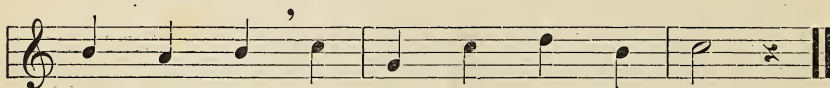
MARY FRANCES BUTTS



1. A mil - lion lit - tle di - a - monds Were  
 2. But while they held their hands out-stretch'd To



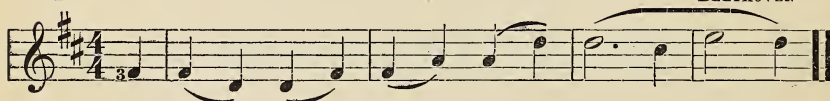
twink - ling on the trees; And all the lit - tle  
 catch the dia - monds gay, A mil - lion lit - tle



maid - ens said, "A jew - el, if you please."  
 sun - beams camé And stole them all a - way.

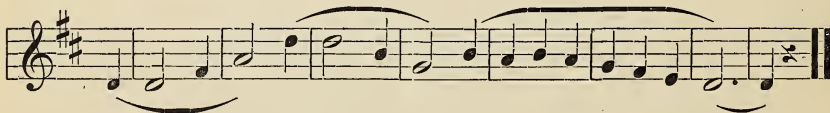
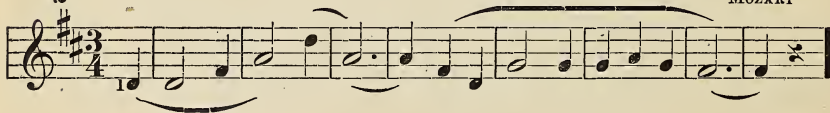
1

BEETHOVEN



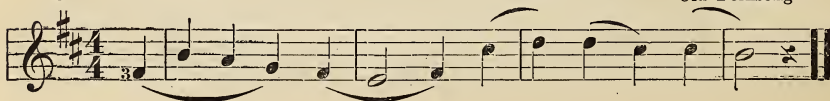
2

MOZART

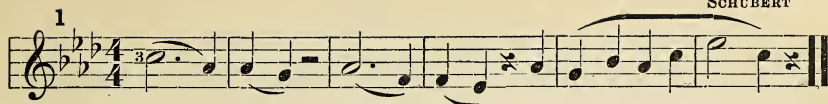


3

Old Folksong



SCHUBERT



HAYDN



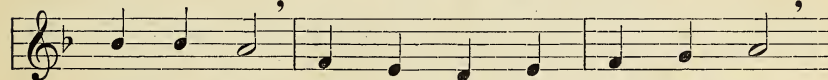
## THE DREAM PEDDLER

LUCY M. BLINN

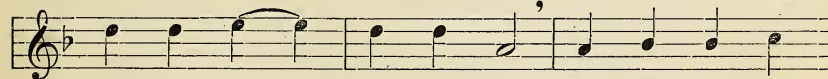
Old Slavonic Folksong



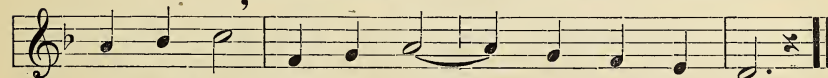
1. Up the streets of Slum-ber-town Comes the cri - er
2. "Here are dreams for sum - mer sleep, Fan - cies light as
3. "Here's a dream that Win-ter brought From her pal - a -



with his bell, Call - ing soft - ly up and down,  
 this - tle spray, Wo - ven where the fair - ies keep  
 ces of snow; Well his fro - zen fin - gers wrought



"Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell! Will the chil - dren  
 Car - ni - val and hol - i - day. Ah! no ped - dler  
 All its won - ders long a - go, When the stars shone

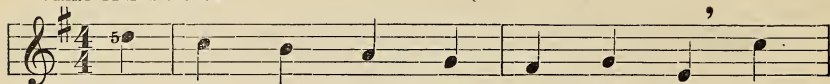


come and buy? Such a world . . of them have I.  
 far or nigh Sells such gor - geous dreams as I.  
 pure and bright On your bless - ed Christ-mas night!"

(Repeat first stanza.)

## SNOWFLAKES

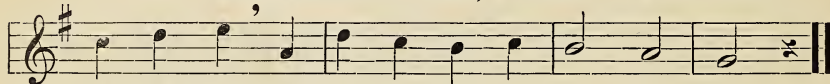
MARY MAPES DODGE



1. When - e'er a snow - flake leaves the sky, It
2. And when a snow - flake finds a tree, "Good
3. But when a snow - flake, brave and meek, Lights

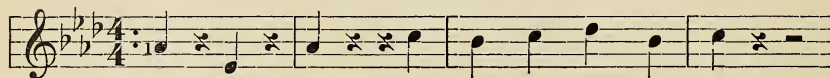


turns and turns, to say "Good-by, Good-by, dear cloud, so day," it says, "Good day to thee. Thou art so brave and on a lit - tle maid-en's cheek, It starts—"How warm and

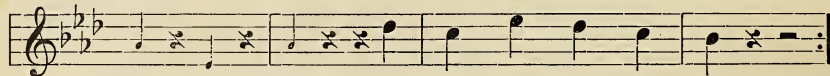


cool and gray," Then turns and has-tens on its way. lone - ly, dear, I'll rest and call my play - mates here." mild the day! 'Tis summer!" And it melts a - way.

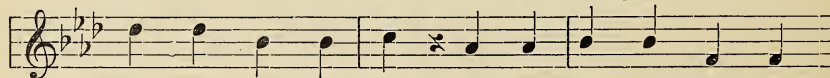
## THE LITTLE RED HEN



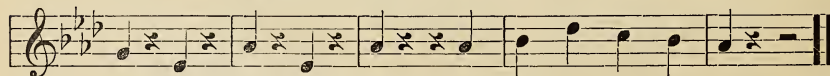
Cluck, cluck, cluck, I'm glad I'm not a duck;  
Clack, clack, clack, And wa - ter on my back;



Weet, weet, weet,\* For then I'd have web feet;  
Trill, trill, trill,\* And such a vul - gar bill.



Now I've eight free toes, And a love - ly Ro - man



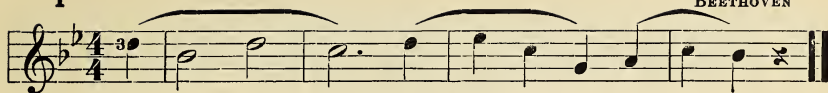
nose. O cluck, cluck, cluck, I'm glad I'm not a duck.

\*Imitation of the sound.

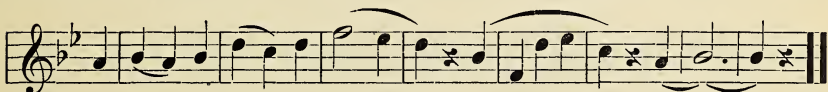
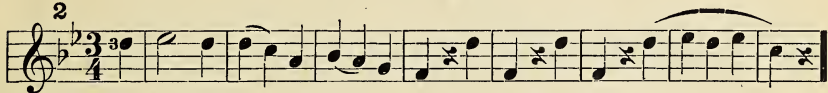


1

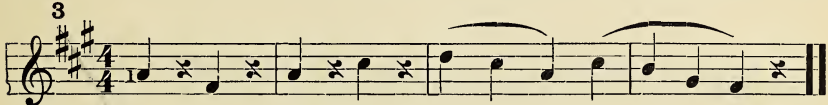
BEETHOVEN



2

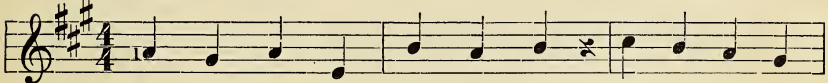


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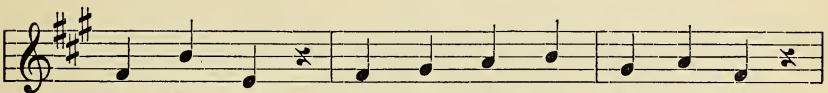


## THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK

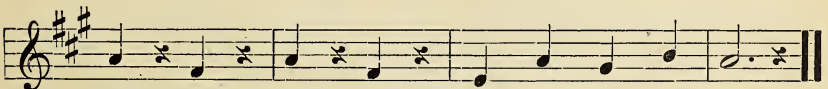
Anonymous



1. Lis - ten to the kit - chen clock! To it - self it
2. "I'm a ver - y truth - ful clock! Peo - ple say, a -
3. What a talk - a - tive old clock! Let us see what



seems to talk; From its place it can - not walk;  
 bout the place, Truth is writ - ten on my face;  
 it will do When the point - er reach - es two;



"Tick - tock, tick - tock," That is what it says.  
 Tick - tock, tick - tock," That is what it says.  
 "Ding - ding, tick - tock," That is what it does.

1

2

3

4

5

## GOOD-NIGHT

VICTOR HUGO

Good-night! Good-night! Far flies the light; But

still God's love shall flame a - bove, Mak - ing all

bright. Good-night! Good-night! Good - night!

# TENTH SECTION

Songs for Recreation and Imitative Singing

## BENEDICTION

MARY TURNER SALTER

1. Good - night, Sleep tight, Dream a - way thy  
 2. Good - night, Star - bright, Rest ye from thy

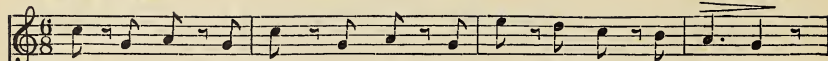
trou - bles. . Good - night, Dream light,  
 sor - row. . Good - night, Wee mite,

Un - con - cerned as bub - bles. . .  
 Wake ye on the mor - row. . .

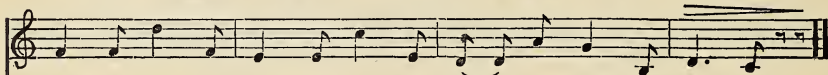
## JACK AND JILL

Mother Goose

J. W. ELLIOTT



1. Jack and Jill Went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter;  
 2. Up Jack got, And home did trot, As fast as he could ca - per;

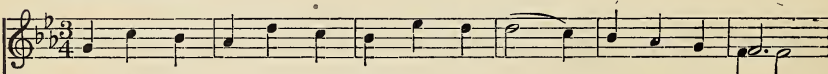
*Allegretto*

- Jack fell down And broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling af - ter.  
 Went to bed, To mend his head, With vin - e - gar and brown pa - per.



## LADY MOON

Lord Houghton



1. La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, where are you rov - ing? "O - ver the sea,  
 2. La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, light-ly you sail . O - ver the clear sky



*rit.*

O - ver the sea." La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, whom are you  
Your sil - ver robes trail. La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, shin - ing so

The musical score for 'Lady Moon' consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G-flat major (two flats) with a tempo marking 'rit.' (ritardando) above the final measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment for the right hand, and the bottom staff is for the left hand. The piece ends with a double bar line.

lov - ing "All that love me, . All that love me." . .  
bright, Moth - er is call - ing, I'll bid you good - night.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'Lady Moon'. It features a vocal line on the top staff and piano accompaniment on the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics continue from the previous block. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

## THE FAIRY RING

The musical score for 'The Fairy Ring' begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

1. Let us laugh, and let us sing, Danc - ing in a mer - ry ring;
2. Like the sea - sons of the year, Round we cir - cle glad - ly here;
3. Har - ry will be Win - ter wild, Lit - tle Char - ley, Au - tumn mild;

This block shows the continuation of the musical score for 'The Fairy Ring' on a single staff, following the three verses of the song.

We'll be fai - ries on the green, Sport - ing round the fai - ry queen.  
I'll be Sum - mer, you'll be Spring, Danc - ing in a fai - ry ring.  
Sum - mer, Au - tumn, Win - ter, Spring, Danc - ing in a fai - ry ring.



## THE HAPPY ESKIMO

FREDERICK MANLEY

ELEANOR SMITH

*p* *Lightly*

1. The hap - py lit - tle Es - ki - mo, He rides up - on a sled;  
 2. My sled is i - dle in the hall; The ground is bare of snow;  
 3. Jack Frost is with him all the year, And makes him lots of snow,

His dogs out-strip the winds that blow A - cross the gleam - ing ice and snow,  
 The night comes ear - ly in the Fall, And when I hear my ma - ma call,  
 And i - cy hill-side's smooth and clear, To coast and slide on with - out fear, -

Be - neath the north-ern lights that show Like sil - ver o - ver - head.  
 I have to say good-night to all, And to my bed-room go,  
 O how I wish Jack Frost were here, And I an Es - ki - mo!

## THE OWL

REBECCA B. FORESMAN

ETHELBERT NEVIN

*Moderato*

1. O round-faced owl, you look so wise, With  
 2. I won - der where you got your name For

*mf marcato*

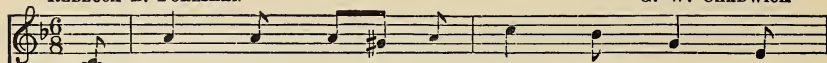
that large head and those big eyes; But still, I'm sure, you  
 wis - dom, tell me whence it came. He looked at me as

nev - er do A thing but say "To-whit, to-whoo."  
 if he knew, But sim - ply said "To-whit, to-whoo."

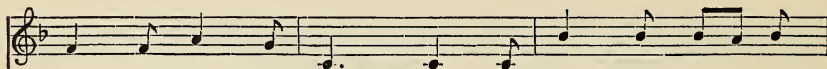
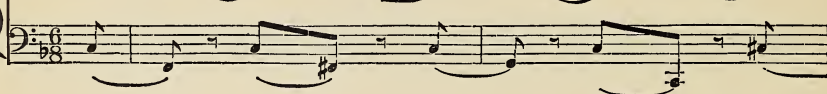
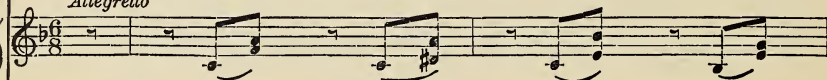
## THE MORNING GLORY

REBECCA B. FORESMAN

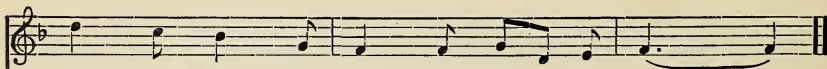
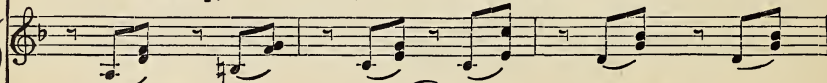
G. W. CHADWICK



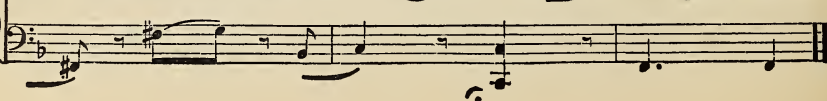
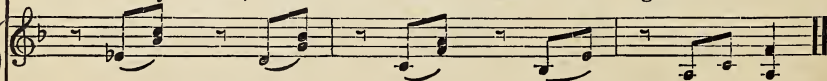
1. Dear Morn - ing - Glo - ry, I am sure You  
 2. "I love to gaze up - on the Sun," The  
 3. "By noon I can - not look at him, His  
 4. "But ev - en if my eyes are shut, I'm

*Allegretto*

must get up too soon, . . Or you could stay quite  
 Morn - ing - Glo - ry said; . . "And when I know that  
 face has grown so bright; . . And then I close my  
 not a - sleep, O no; . . I know I have a



wide a - wake Un - til the af - ter - noon. . . .  
 he is up, I can not stay in bed." . . .  
 eyes and try To make be - lieve it's night." . . .  
 drow - sy look, But I can see to grow." . . .



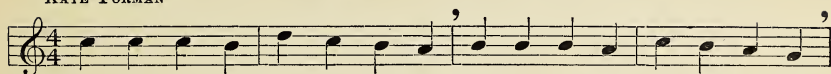
# BOOK ONE, PART TWO

## FIRST SECTION

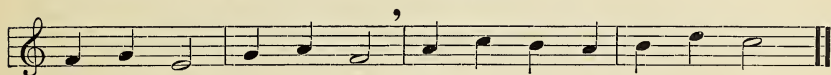
Practical Study of Nine Major Keys. Elements of Minor Tonality

### WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS

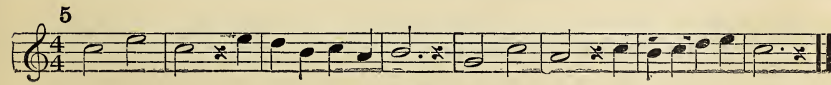
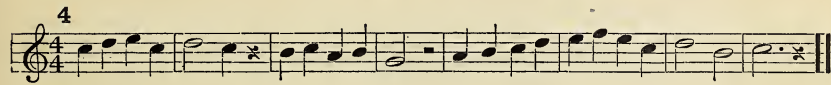
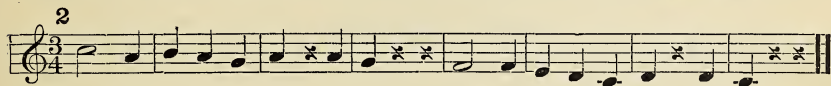
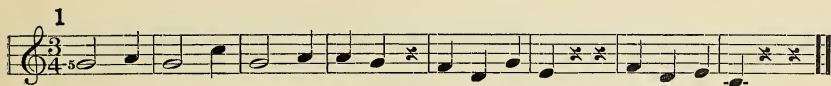
KATE FORMAN



1. Here's an emp - ty lit - tle min - ute; Put a lit - tle sun - shine in it;  
2. Here's a day for you, come, take it; O how hap - py you can make it,  
3. Here's a year for you, be - gin it, Make a path of ros - es in it,



Here's one hour — is it long? Fill it full of work and song.  
With your kind gen - tle words Like a flock of sing - ing birds.  
All the true things you do Bloss - om up in flow'rs for you.



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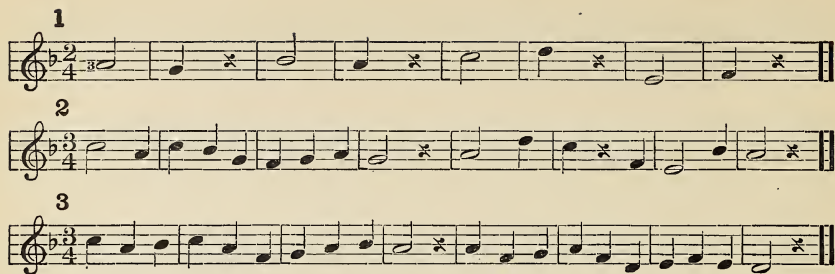
## OLD WINTER

1. Old win - ter is a stur - dy one, And last - ing stuff he's made of;
2. Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing, Full lit - tle cares or knows he;
3. When frost is split - ting stone and wall, And trees come crashing af - ter,

His flesh is firm as i - ron-stone, There's nothing he's a - fraid of.  
 He hates the fire and hates the Spring, And all that's warm and co - zy.  
 That hates he not, he loves it all, Then bursts he out in laugh-ter.



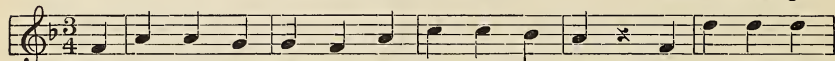




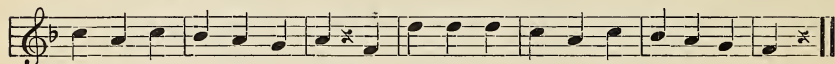
## AUTUMN SONG

H. C. B.

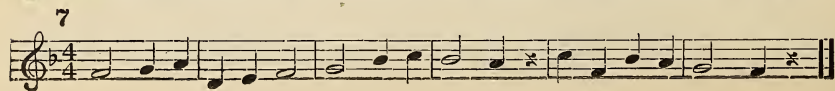
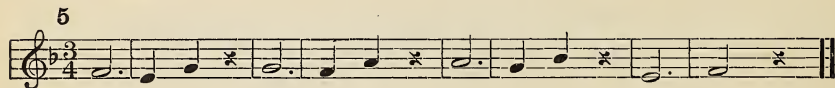
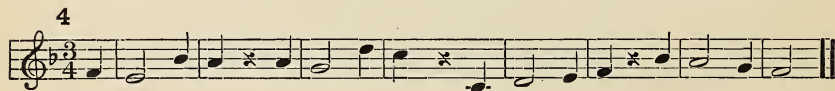
Swiss Folksong



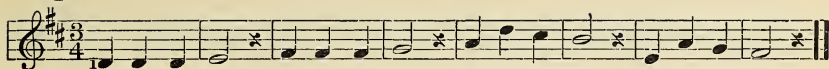
1. The Au-tum-n has filled me with won-der to-day, The wind seems so
2. The sun ris-es late, and then goes down so soon I think it is
3. Of birds and of flow-ers so few can be found, But lit-tle brown
4. I wish I could tell why the world changes so; But I am a



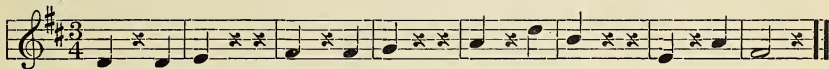
sad while the trees look so gay, The wind seems so sad while the trees look so gay.  
 eve-ning be-fore it is noon, I think it is evening be-fore it is noon!  
 sparrows stay all the year round, But little brown sparrows stay all the year round.  
 lit-tle child, I can-not know! But I am a lit-tle child, I cannot know!



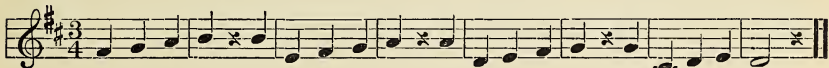
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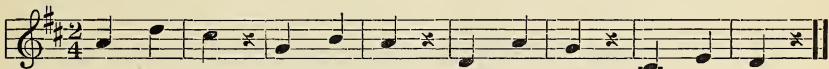
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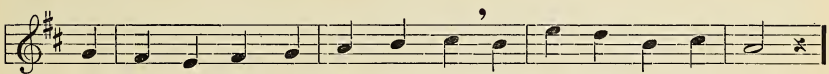
## A WALK WITH FATHER

LOUISE A. GARNETT

J. CARMICHAEL



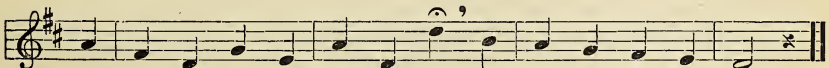
1. When fa-ther takes me for a walk It makes me glad all day,
2. Then, when we're tired, we start for home, And talk of lots of things:



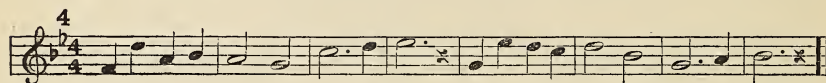
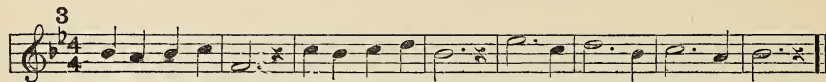
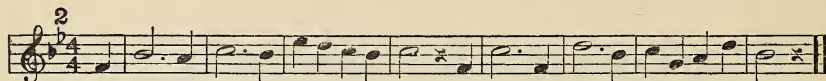
He puts his hand in mine and says: "Now, Cap-tain, lead the way."  
 Why moth-er has such cud-dly ways; Why birds and bees have wings.



I take him to the chip-munk's hole, To ponds where fish are thick;  
 And fa-ther talks of busi-ness, too, And asks me my ad-vice.

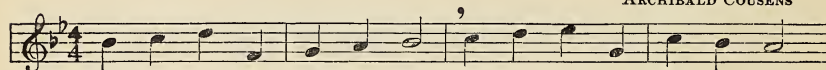


And where the big boys dig for bait, He whit-tles me a stick.  
 Now would-n't you, if you were there, Think walks like that were nice?

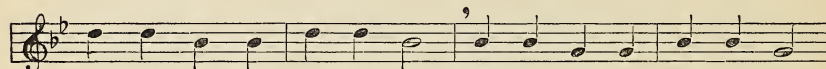


## THE BARLEY-MOWERS' SONG

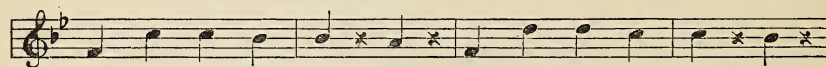
ARCHIBALD COUSENS



1. Bar - ley - mow - ers, here we stand, One, two, three, a stead - y hand,
2. Side by side, now bend - ing low, Down the swaths of bar - ley go,
3. Bar - ley - mow - ers must be true, Keep - ing still the end in view;



True of heart and strong of limb, Read - y in our har - vest trim;  
 Stroke by stroke, like swinging chime Of the bells we keep in time.  
 One with all, and all with one, Work - ing on till set of sun.



Rink - a - tink - a - tink - tink, Rink - a - tink - a - tink - tink!



All a - row, with spir - its blithe, We whet the scythe.  
 Stand - ing in the bar - ley lithe, We whet the scythe.  
 Sing - ing all with voi - ces blithe, We whet the scythe.

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## THE BUSY CHILD

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

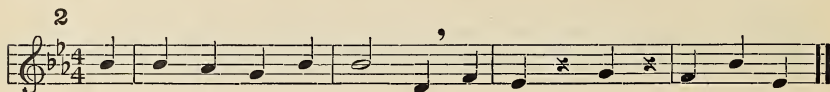
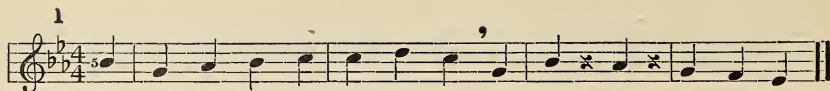
I have so man - y things to do, I don't know when I shall be through!

1. To - day I had to watch the rain Come sliding down the win-dow-pane.
2. And I was humming, all the time, A-round my head, a kind of rhyme.
3. I built a cit - y on the floor, And then I went and was a War.
4. And now I have the boat to mend, And all our sup-per to pre-tend.

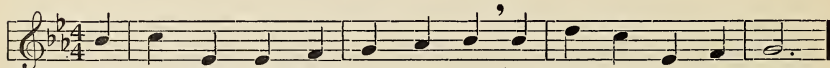
(After stanzas 2 and 4)

I am so Bus - y all the day, I have-n't an - y time to play.

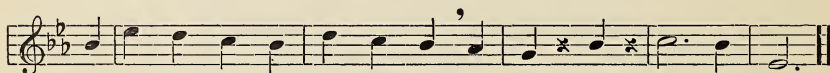




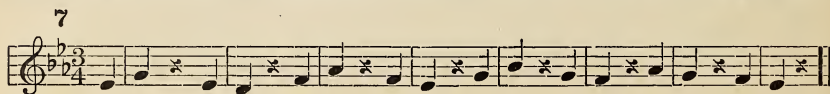
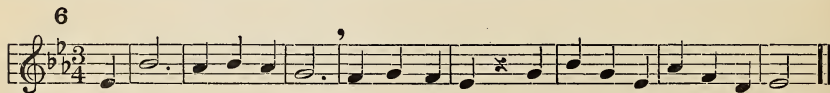
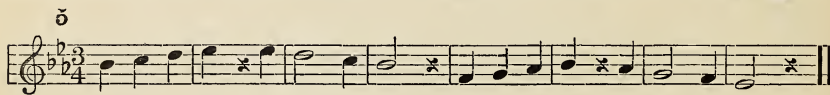
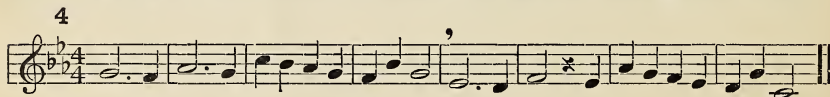
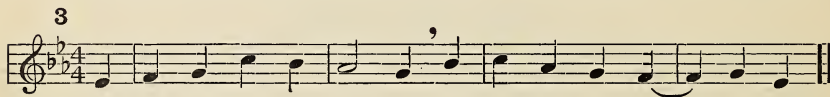
## THE DANCE

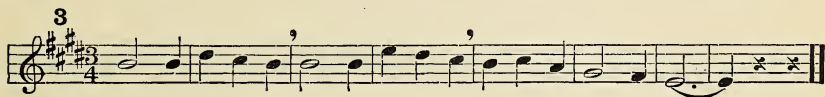
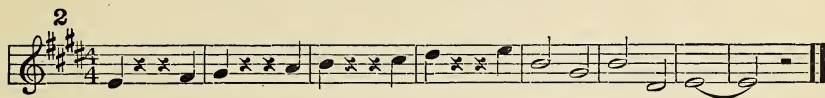
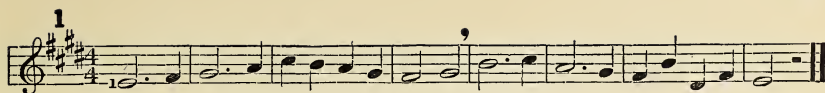


1. A mer - ry dance with - in the wood Is tak - ing place to - night;
2. The leaves are danc - ing on the green, Right gai - ly do they spin;
3. The mu - sic for the dance is good, It can - not fail to please;

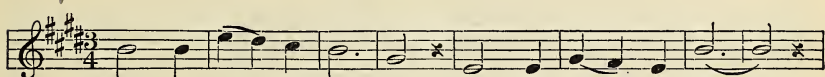


The moon looks on with beam - ing face, While turn - ing on the light.  
 It is as if they could not stop When danc - ing they be - gin.  
 'Tis whis - tled by the Au - tumn wind A - pip - ing thro' the trees.

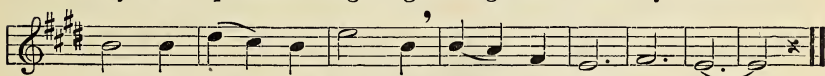




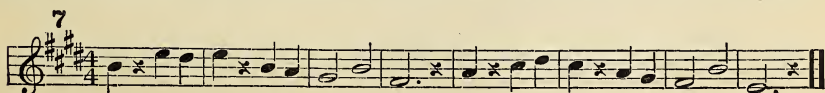
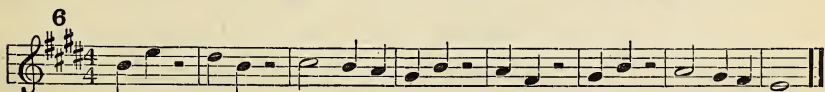
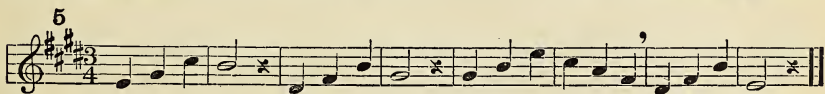
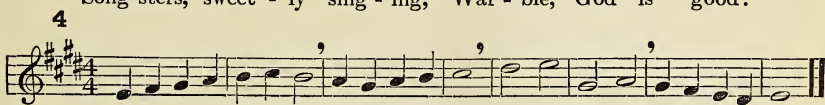
## MORNING



1. Morn a - mid the mountains! Love - ly sol - i - tude! .
2. Now the glad sun, break - ing, Pours a gold - en flood: .
3. Hymns of praise are ring - ing Through the leaf - y wood; .



Gush - ing streams and foun - tains Mur - mur, "God is good!"  
 Deep - est vales, a - wak - ing, Ech - o, "God is good!"  
 Song - sters, sweet - ly sing - ing, War - ble, "God is good!"



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## THE TROUT

FREDERICK MANLEY

1. O - ver the peb - bles and in the green nooks, Thro' the cool
2. No one to send him to bed with the sun; No one to
3. Still, in the wa - ter how cold it must be! He has no

moss - es of wind-dim - pled brooks; Free as the rip - ples that  
tell him when work must be done; No one to scold him for  
ul - ster or mit - tens, you see; He has no Thanks-giv - ing

play in and out—Whata fine life is the life of a trout.  
play-ing till nine—O but the life of a trout must be fine!  
tur - key in fall: I'll be my - self, if you please, af - ter all.

## SECOND SECTION

### Studies and Songs with Larger Intervals

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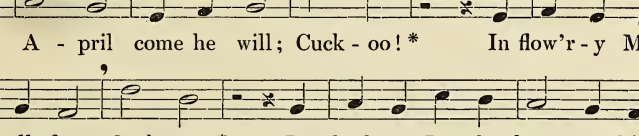
4

BACH

## THE CUCKOO

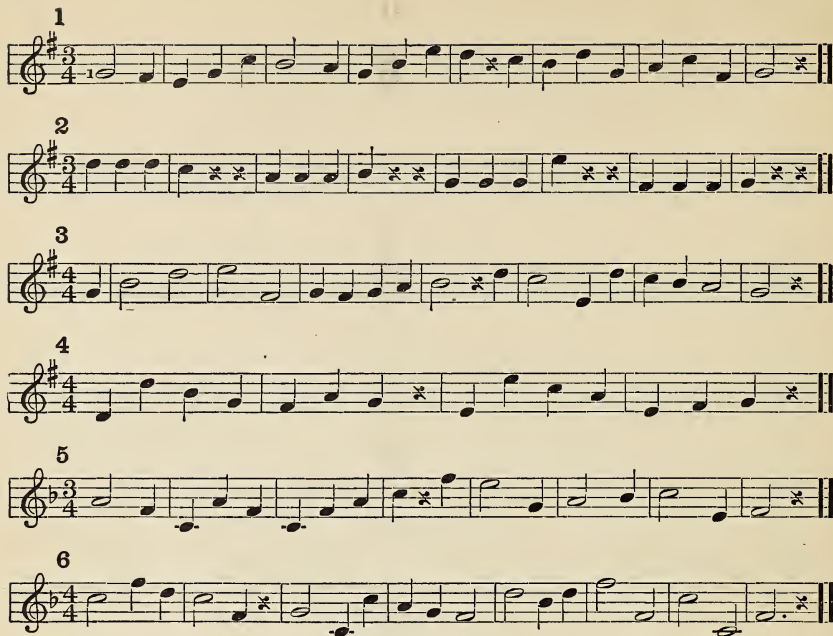
## Old English Song

Old English Song



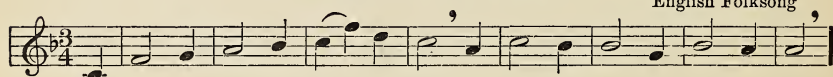
In A - pril come he will; Cuck - oo! \* In flow'r - y May he  
sings all day; Cuck - oo! \* In leaf - y June he chang - es his tune;  
Cuck - oo! \* In bright Ju - ly he's read - y to fly;  
Cuck - oo! \* In Au - gust go he must; Cuck - oo! \*

\*The “Cuckoo 1” may in each case be softly echoed by a part of the class, as shown by the small notes in the fourth measure.



## SPRING FLOWERS

English Folksong



1. The spring has called us from our sleep, And from the ground we gladly peep.
2. I am a ti - ny dai - sy bright, With golden eye and pet - als white,
3. I am the blue for - get - me - not, The riv - er's bank my blos - soms dot ;
4. I am the dain - ty, perfumed rose, The queen of ev - 'ry flow'r that grows ;



We love to hear her gen - tle call, And come to greet her, one and all.  
 A-mong the grass I have my place, And star-like is my lit - tle face.  
 In col - or I am like the sky, A - round my clear and sun - ny eye.  
 My blos - soms show that spring is past, That mer - ry June is here at last.



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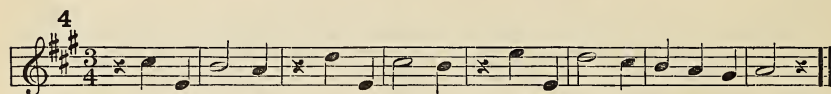
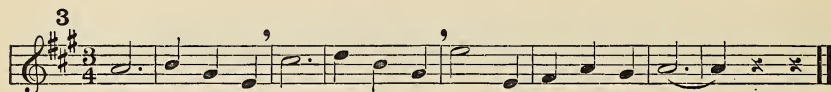
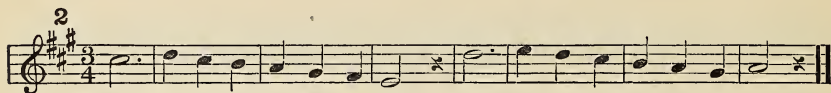
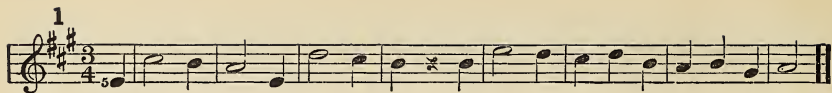
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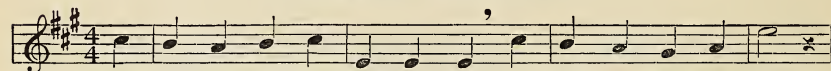
## YESTERDAY AND TODAY

1. But yes - ter - day the gar - den Was gay in bright - est hue;  
 2. To - day they all are fa - ded, Their beau - ty all is fled,  
 3. But soon the spring re - turn - ing, A queen with fai - ry train,

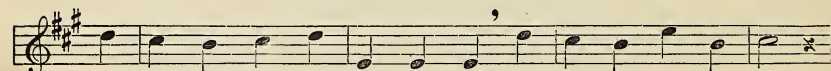
The flow'rs, all fresh and love - ly, A - glow with morn - ing dew.  
 Their fra - gile forms are bro - ken, And blight - ed now or dead.  
 Will bring the word com - mand - ing The world to bloom a - gain.



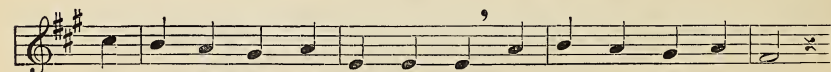
## AUTUMN FASHIONS



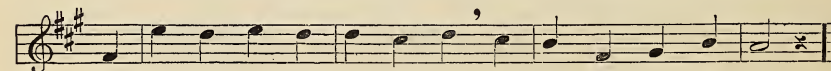
1. The Ma-ple own'd that she was tired of al - ways wear-ing green,
2. "For fash-ion-plate we'll take the flow'rs," the rustling Ma-ple said,
3. The stur-dy Oak took time to think—"I hate such glar-ing hues;



She knew that she had grown of late, too shab-by to be seen!  
 "And like the Tu - lip I'll be clothed in splen-did gold and red!"  
 The Gil - ly-flow'r, so dark and rich, I for my mod-el choose."

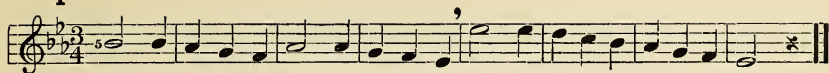


The Oak and Beech and Chest-nut then de-plored their shab-bi - ness,  
 "The cheerful sun-flow'r suits me best," the lightsome Beech re-plied;  
 So ev-'ry tree in all the grove, ex-cept the Hem-lock sad,

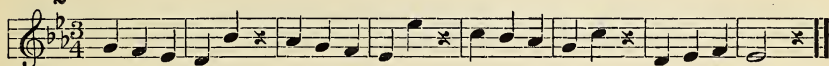


And all, ex-cept the Hem-lock sad, were wild to change their dress.  
 "The Mar - i - gold my choice shall be"—the Chestnut spoke with pride.  
 Ac - cord-ing to its wish ere long in bril-liant dress was clad.

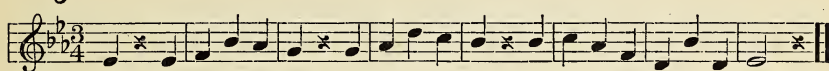
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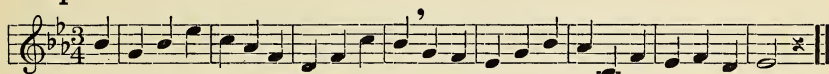
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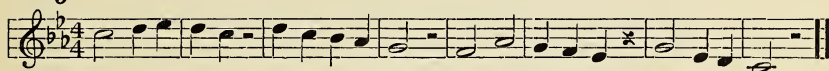
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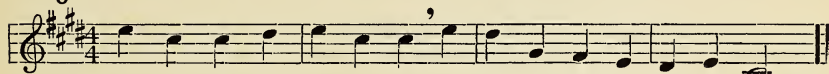
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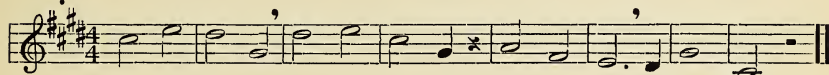
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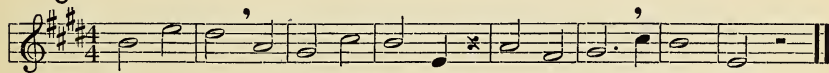
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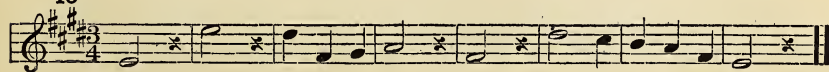
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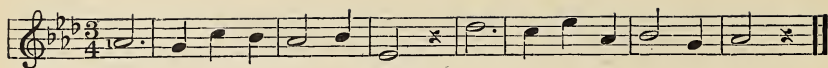
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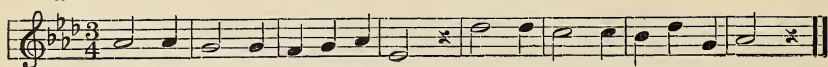
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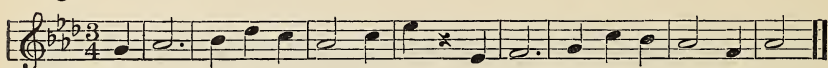
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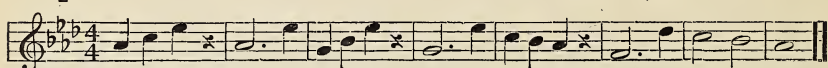
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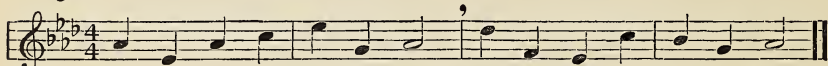
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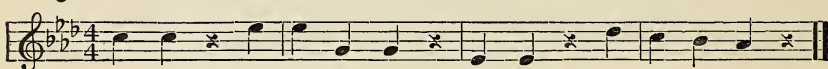
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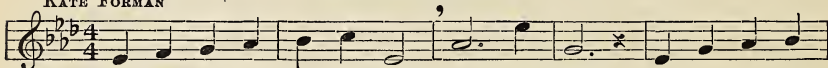


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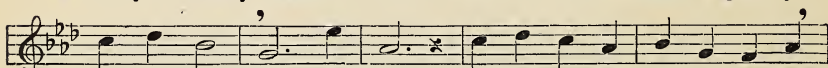


## HOLLYHOCK

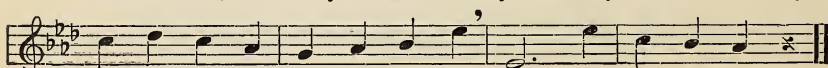
KATE FORMAN



1. When I saw you far a - way At my play, In your pret-ty
2. When I see you ver - y near, It is queer, And it gives me
3. But you're ver-y kind to feed— Yes, in - deed!— Such a greed-y



silk - y frock—Hol - ly - hock! You were like a state - ly la - dy  
quite a shock—Hol - ly - hock! Lit - tle bee - tles rude and fun - ny  
lit - tle flock, Hol - ly - hock! And you real - ly are a la - dy,



In a gar - den green and shad - y,—Hol - ly, hol - ly - hock!  
Crawl a - round and take your hon - ey,—Hol - ly, hol - ly - hock!  
In your gar - den green and shad - y,—Hol - ly, hol - ly - hock!

## THIRD SECTION

The Eighth-Note. Three-Eight and Six-Eight Measure

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## THE HURDY GURDY MAN

From "Songs of Childhood"

1. Out in the sun - shine, free as the breez - es, Play - ing sweet
2. Gay as a gip - sy ev - 'ry-where stray - ing, Wel - come as
3. When school is o - ver, I'll trav - el yon - der, 'Way in the

mu - sic wher - ev - er he goes; Mak - ing his mon - key act, when he  
 Christ-mas in vil - lage and town; Loved for his mon - key, loved for his  
 land where the trick mon-keys play; Then thro' the world with mu - sic I'll

pleas - es, All the fine tricks that the fun - ny man knows.  
 play - ing, Get - ting more pen - nies than we'll ev - er own.  
 wan - der, Watch - ing my mon - key do tricks ev - 'ry day.



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## DEAR LITTLE VIOLET

NINA B. HARTFORD

1. Dear lit - tle vi - o - let, o - pen your eye, Bright is the  
 2. Win - ter is o - ver and spring-time is here, Naugh - ty Jack

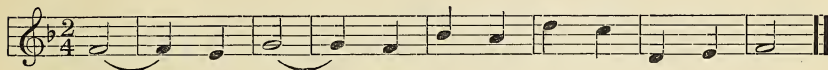
sun, and blue the sky. Hear Rob - in Red - breast call to  
 Frost you need not fear. Send up your pet - als - to the

you. "Come, lit - tle Vi - o - let, wake up, do!"  
 light; Drink in the sun - shine warm and bright.

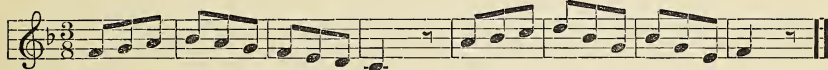
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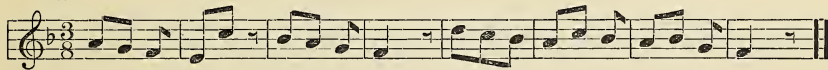
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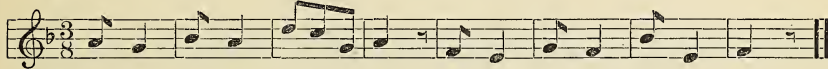
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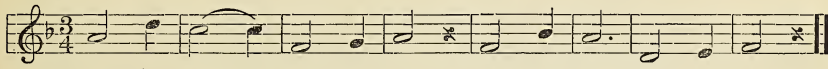
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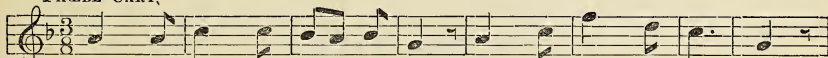


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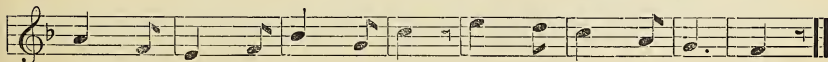


## DON'T GIVE UP

PHOEBE CARY,



1. If you tried and have not won, Nev - er stop for cry - ing;
2. Tho' young birds, in fly - ing, fall, Still their wings grow stron - ger;
3. Tho' the stur - dy oak has known Ma - ny a blast that bowed her,
4. If by stead - y work you beat, Who the more will prize you?



All that's great and good is done Just by pa - tient try - ing.  
 And the next time they can keep Up a lit - tle lon - ger.  
 She has ris'n a - gain and grown Loft - i - er and proud - er.  
 Gain - ing vic - t'ry from de - feat— That's the test that tries you.

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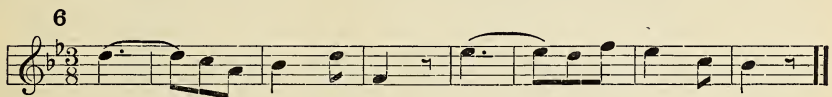
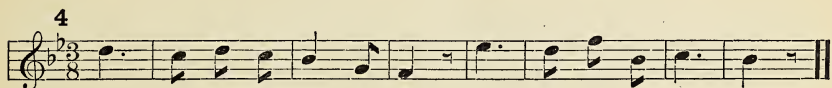
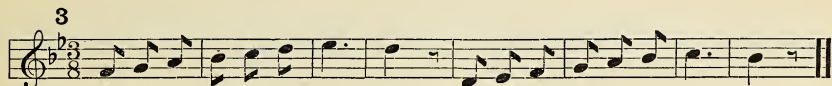
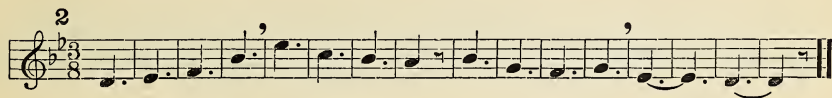
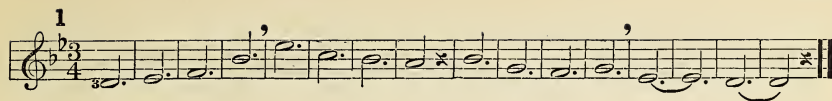
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## ROBIN'S RETURN

EDITH M. THOMAS

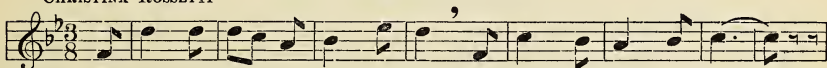
1. Rob - in on the tilt - ing bough, Red-breast rov - er, tell me how
2. "In a green and pleas - ant land, By a sum - mer sea-breeze fanned,
3. Rob - in rov - er, there no doubt, Your best mu - sic you poured out;
4. "Lit - tle la - dy, on my word, You do wrong a true-heart bird!

You the wea - ry time have passed Since we saw and heard you last.  
 Or - ange-trees with fruit are bent, — There the wea - ry time I've spent."  
 Pip - ing to a stran-ger's ear, You for - got your lov - ers here.  
 If I ev - er tried a note, Some-thing rose with - in my throat."

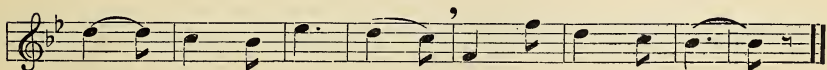


## THE SAILOR'S GIFT

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



1. O sail - or, sail - or, come a-shore, What have you brought for me?  
 2. I did not dig it from the ground, Nor pluck it from a tree;



Red cor - al, white cor - al, Cor - al from the sea. . .  
 Fee - ble in - sects made it . . In the storm - y sea. . .

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# AS BIRDIES DO

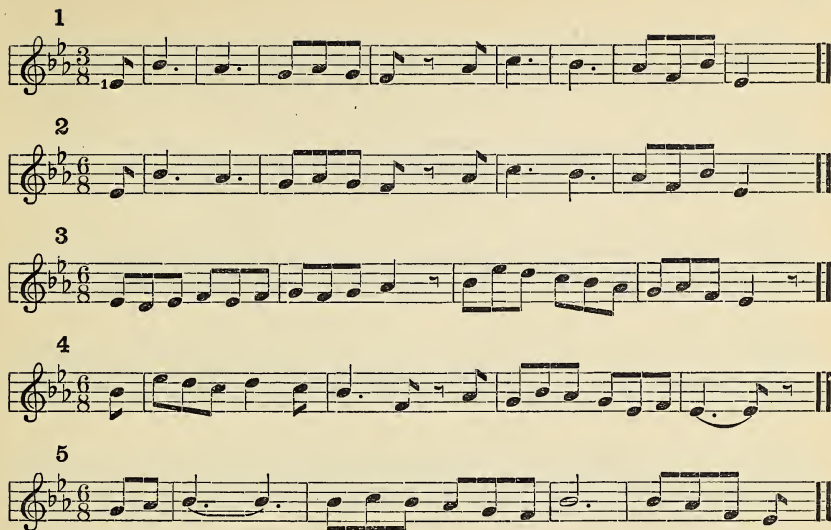
KATE FORMAN

DONALD LACHLAN

1. Up high, Then deep and low, So fly As swal-lows go.  
 2. Now rush! As thrush-es wing; Then hush! While thrushes sing.

Now run, And bow and coo — Such fun! As pig-eons do.  
 Now rest, When shad-ows fall; Home's best For bird-ies all.





## THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

ALFRED TENNYSON

DONALD LACHLAN

1. The . bee buzzed up in the heat . "I am  
 2. And the bee buzzed up in the cold . When the  
 faint for your hon - ey, my sweet." The . flower said, .  
 flow - er was with-er'd and old. . "Have you still an - y  
 "Take it, my dear, For now is the spring of the year, So  
 hon - ey, my dear?" She said, "It's the fall of the year, But  
 come, come!" "Hum!" And the bee buzzed down from the heat.  
 come, come!" "Hum!" And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

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## THE VOWELS

(A RIDDLE)

JONATHAN SWIFT

DONALD LACHLAN

We are lit - tle air - y crea-tures, All of dif-f'rent voice and

fea-tures. One of us in glass is set: (A); One of us you'll

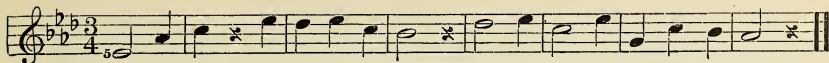
T'other you may see in tin: (I); And the fourth a

find in jet: (E); If the fifth you should pur -

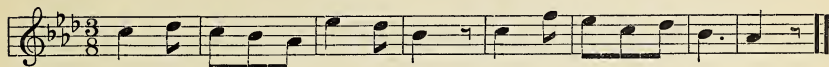
box with - in: (O);

sue, It can nev - er fly from you: . (U).

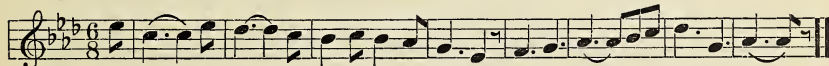
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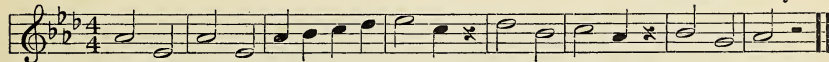


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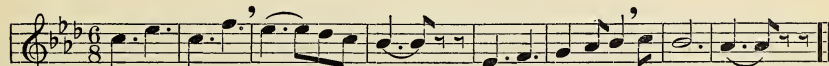


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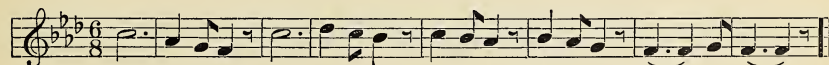
Swedish Melody



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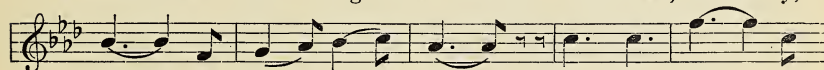


## ARBOR DAY

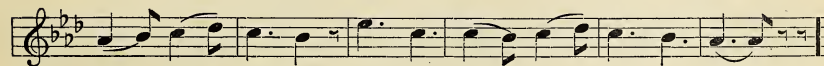
MAUD E. ALLEN



1. Here we plant the tree whose branch-es Warmed by  
 2. Gen - tle winds will mur - mur soft - ly, Zeph - yrs  
 3. 'Neath its shelt - 'ring arms shall child-hood, Wea - ry,



breath of sum - mer days, Fed by dews and  
 float on noise - less wing; 'Mid its boughs shall  
 shun the noon - day heat, In its cool in -

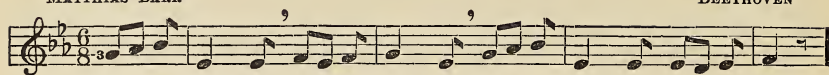


gen - tle show-ers, Soon shall wake in leaf - y sprays.  
 thrush and rob - in Build their nests and sweet - ly sing.  
 vit - ing shad-ow Find a pleas - ant, safe re - treat.

## THE SUMMER'S DAY

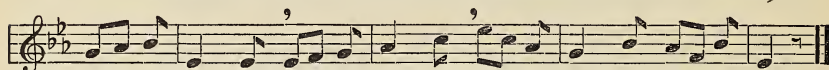
MATTHIAS BARR

BEETHOVEN



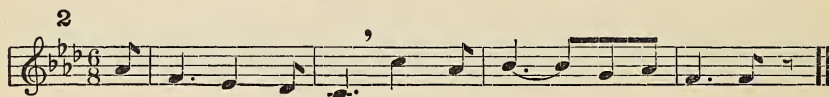
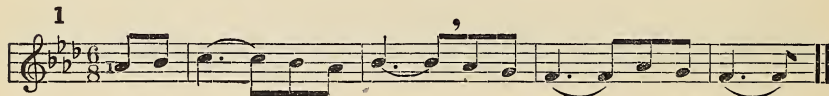
1. Flow'rs are springing, Birds are sing-ing, Bees are humming all a-round;

2. In the mead-ows Lights and shadows Chase each oth-er far a-way;



Joy and pleas-ure, Without meas-ure, Welcome us in ev-'ry sound.

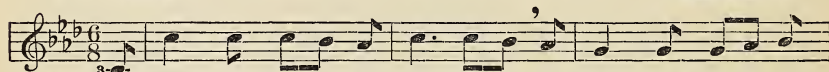
Lambs are bleating, Swallows fleet-ing: Hap-py all this sum-mer day.



## GOOD-BYE TO SUMMER

W. ALLINGHAM

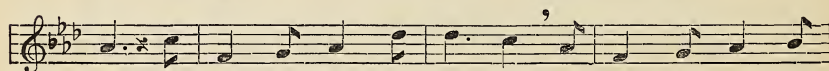
MENDELSSOHN



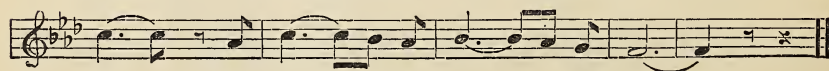
1. Good-bye, good-bye to sum-mer, For sum-mer's near-ly

2. Bright yel-low, red, and or-ange; The leaves come down in

3. The fire-side for the crick-et, The wheat-stack for the



done; The gar-den smiles but faint-ly A greet-ing to the  
hosts; The trees are In-dian prin-ces, But soon they'll turn to  
mouse, When trembling night-winds whis-tle And moan all round the



sun, A greet-ing to . . . the sun.  
ghosts, But soon . . . they'll turn . . . to ghosts.  
house, And moan . . . all round . the house.

## FOURTH SECTION

The Chromatic Tones Sharp-Four and Flat-Seven

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## SPRING SONG

CAROLYN S. BAILEY

1. A lit - tle bit of blow - ing, A lit - tle bit of snow,

2. A lit - tle bit of sleet - ing, A lit - tle bit of rain,

A lit - tle bit of grow - ing, And cro - cus - es will show.  
The blue, blue sky for greet - ing, A snow-drop come a - gain,

On ev - 'ry twig that's lone - ly a new green leaf will spring;  
And ev - 'ry froz - en hill - side its mead of grass will bring,

On ev - 'ry pa - tient tree - top a thrush will stop and sing.  
And ev - 'ry day of win - ter an - oth - er day of spring.



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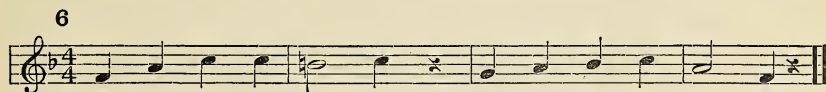
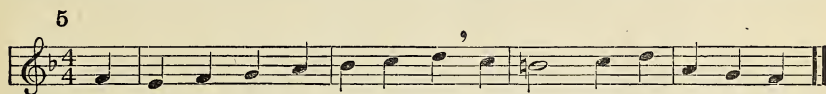
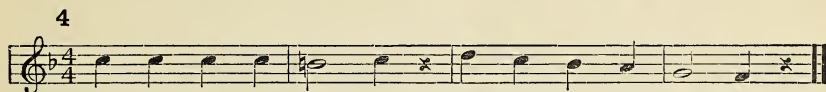
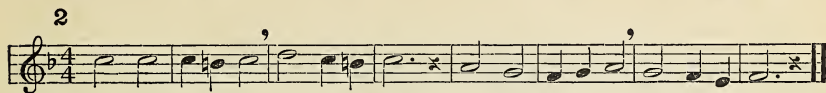
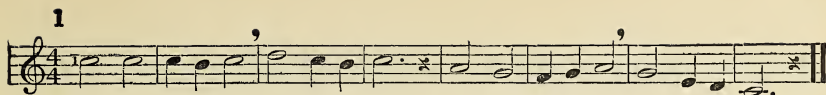
7

## PROMPT AND READY

PHOEBE CARY

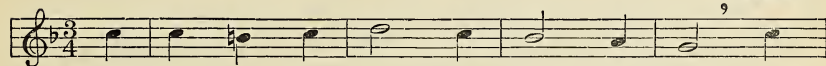
1. If you're told to do a thing, And mean to do it real - ly,  
 2. Do not make a poor ex - cuse, Wait - ing, weak, un - stead - y;

Nev - er let it be by halves; Do it ful - ly, free - ly.  
 All o - be-dience worth the name Must be prompt and rea - dy.



## PATIENCE

R. L. EVERETT



1. The fish - er who draws his net too soon Won't

2. For if you would have your learn - ing stay, Be



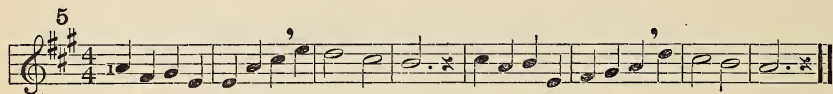
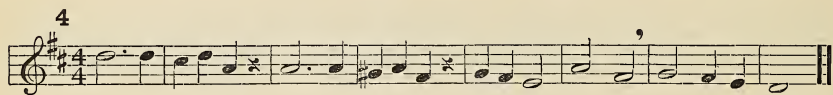
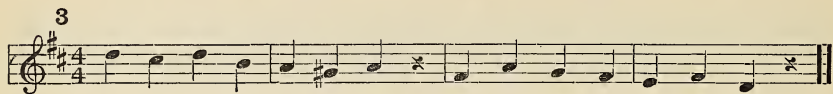
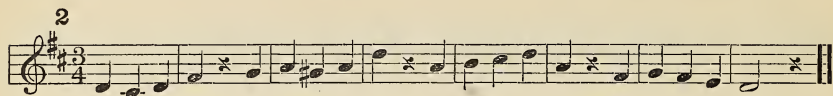
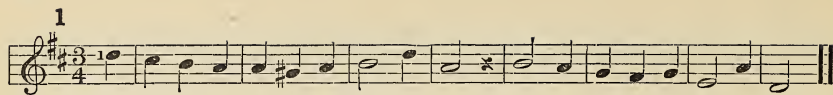
have an - y fish to sell; . The child that shuts up his  
pa - tient, don't learn too fast; . The man who trav - els a

pa - tient, don't learn too fast; . The man who trav - els a



book too soon, Won't learn an - y les - sons well. .

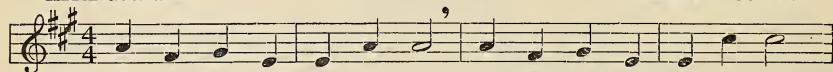
mile each day, Will get round the world at last. .



## THE ANXIOUS MOTHER

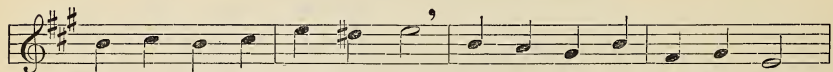
ABBIE GOODWIN

GEORGE L. CUTLER



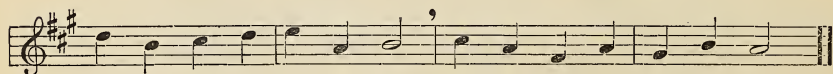
1. See the anx-i-ous moth-er hen Cluck-ing to her brood of ten!

2. O, but see that spar-row there, Chatt'ring, dart-ing thro' the air.



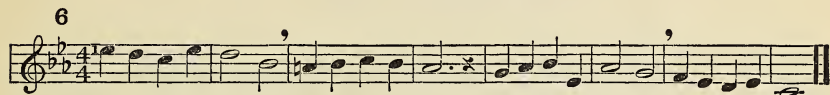
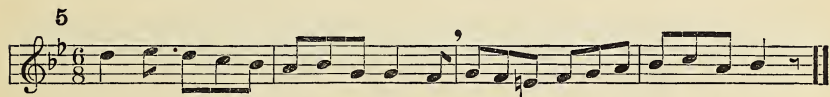
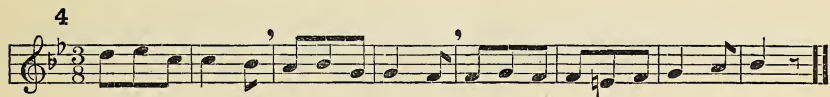
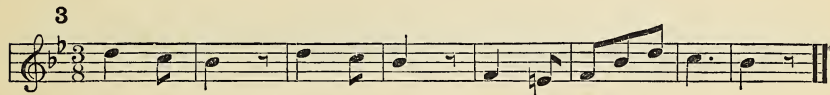
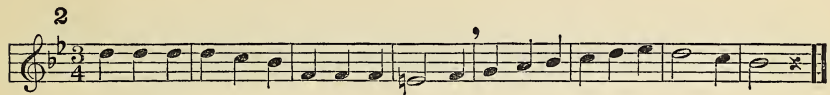
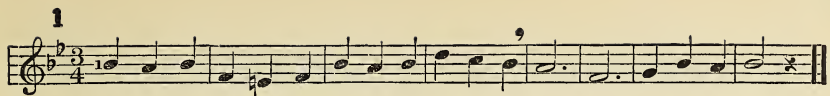
Half the time she thinks that all Do not an-swer to her call.

Ba - by spar-row makes a try. Now he flut-ters, will he fly?



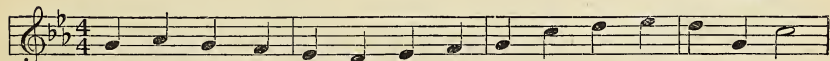
What a pi - ty that a hen Can-not count as far as ten!

Moth-ers seem to have no fun Look-ing out for ten or one!

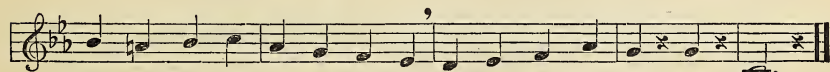


# BY AND BY

R. L. EVERETT



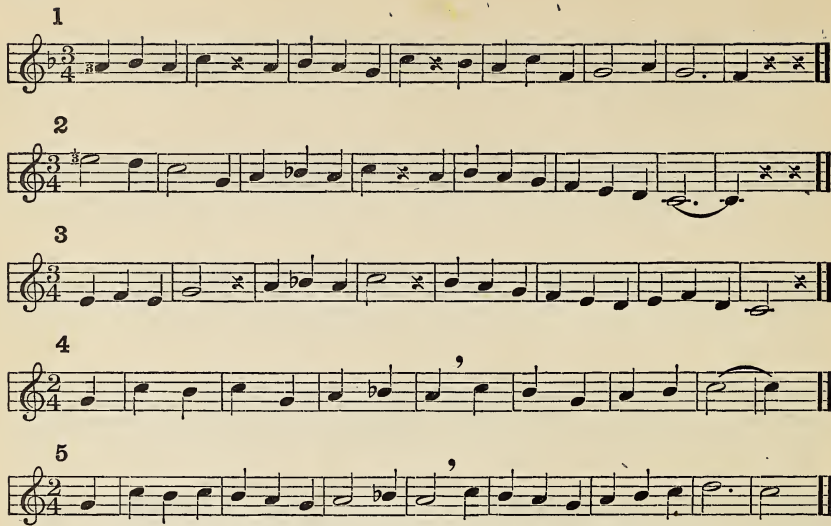
1. There's a lit - tle mis-chief-mak-ing El - fin, who is ev - er nigh,
2. "What we ought to do this min-ute, Will be bet-ter done," he'll cry,
3. We shall reach what we en-deav - or If on Now we more re - ly;



Thwarting ev - 'ry un - der - tak - ing, And his name is BY - AND - BY.

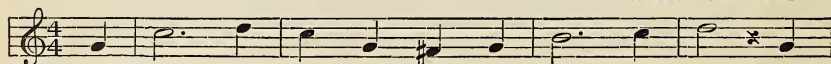
"If to-mor-row we be-gin it. Put it off," says BY-AND-BY.

But un - to the realms of NEV-ER Leads the pi - lot BY - AND - BY.

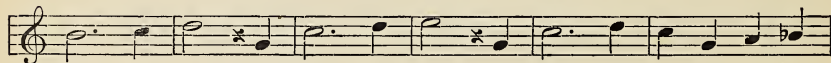


## A LITTLE CHILD

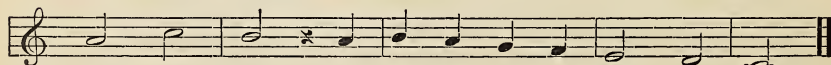
ROBERT L. EVERETT



1. A lit - tle child may have a lov - ing heart, Most  
2. A lit - tle child may have a hap - py hand, With  
3. A lit - tle child may have a gen - tle voice, And

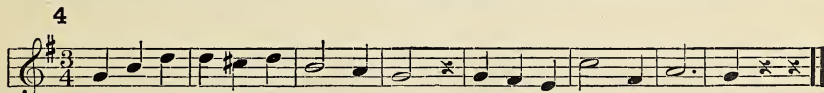
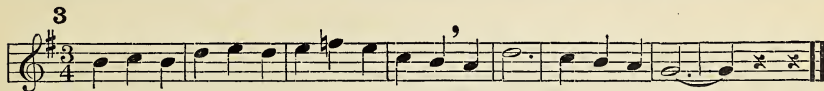
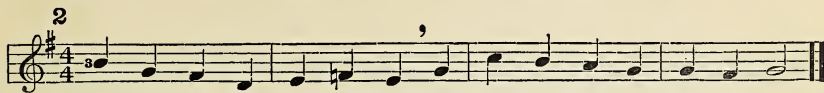
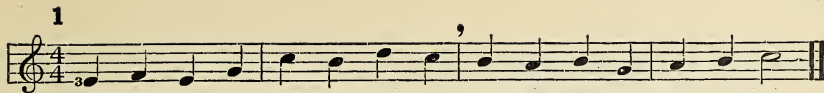


dear and sweet, most dear and sweet,	A	lit - tle child may have a
kind - ly deeds, with kind - ly deeds,	A	lit - tle child may have a
pleas - ant tone, and pleas - ant tone,	A	lit - tle child may have a



lov - ing heart, a lov - ing heart, And will - ing feet.  
hap - py hand, a hap - py hand, For ma - ny needs.  
gen - tle voice, a gen - tle voice, For ev - 'ry one.

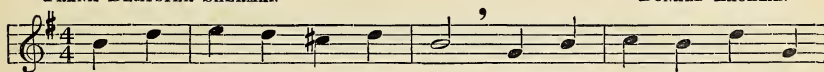




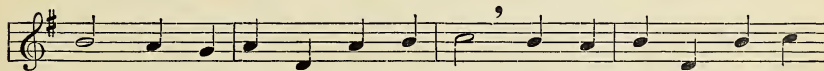
## SNOW SONG

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

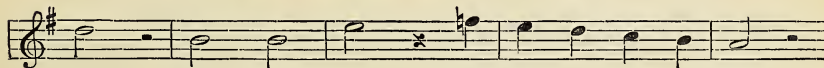
DONALD LACHLAN



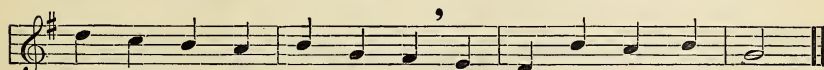
1. O - ver val - ley, o - ver hill, Hark, the shep-herd pi - ping
2. How they hur - ry, how they crowd When they hear the mu - sic
3. Hith - er, thith-er, up and down Ev - 'ry high-way in the



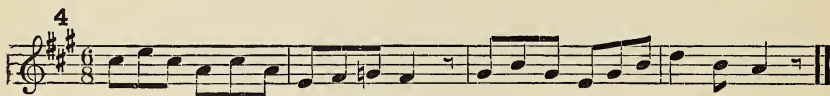
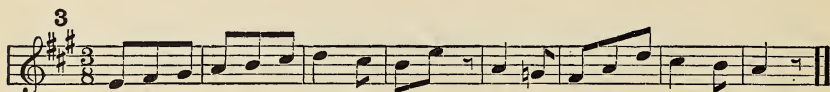
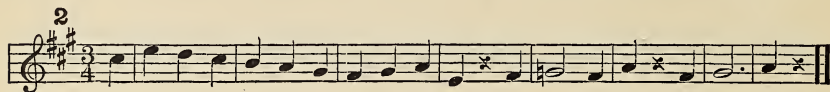
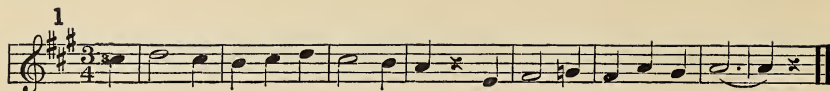
shrill! Driv - ing all the white flocks forth From the far folds of the  
loud! Grove and lane and mead - ow full Spar - kle with their shin - ing  
town, Hud - dling close, the white flocks all Gath - er at the shep - herd's



North.	Blow, Wind, blow;	Weird mel - o - dies you play,
wool.	Blow, Wind, blow	Un - til the for - ests ring:
call.	Blow, Wind, blow	Up - on your pipes of joy,



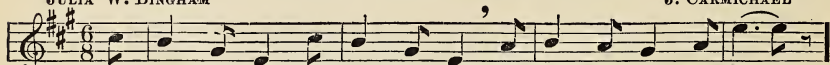
Fol - low - ing your flocks that go A - cross the world to - day.  
Teach the eaves the tunes you know, And make the chim - ney sing!  
All your sheep the flakes of snow, And you their shep - herd boy,



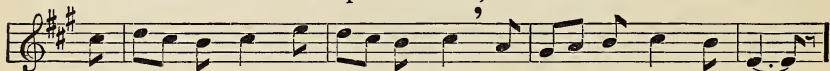
## MY DREAMS

JULIA W. BINGHAM

J. CARMICHAEL



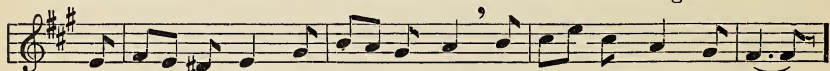
1. My dreams and I have lots of fun, Those fun-ny dreams of mine.
2. There's one a-bout a great big ship A-sail-ing in the sky.
3. Sometimes I am a pi-rate bold, The mas-ter of the sea.



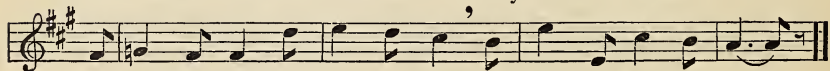
Each night they come and play with me, We have a splen-did time.

I jump a-board and see the stars And moon go spin-ning by.

Some-times I am a cir-cus clown And make folks laugh at me.



Al-most be-fore I fall a-sleep With-in my lit-tle bed,  
The moon man waves his hand to me, A com-et flirts its tail.  
Some dreams I do not like at all They make me feel so blue.



I see them come all in a row, And dance a-bout my head.  
I see all sorts of wondrous things When in the sky I sail.  
And oth-ers are so ver-y nice I wish that they were true.

1

2

3

4

5

## GOOD-BYE

GEORGE COOPER

MAXWELL LITTLETON

1. Good-bye, my dai - sy, pink, and rose, And snow-white li - ly
2. Good-bye, my mer - ry bird and bee, And take this ti - ny
3. Good-bye, my mos - sy lit - tle rill That shiv - ers in the
4. A sweet good-bye to birds that roam, And rills and flow'rs and

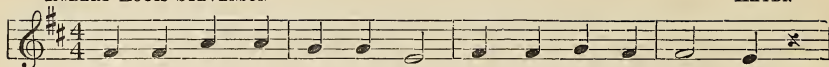
too! Good-bye! Ev - 'ry pret - ty flow'r that grows  
 song, Good-bye! For the one you sang to me  
 cold! Good-bye! Leaves that fall on vale and hill  
 bees; Good-bye! But when win - ter's gone, come home

Here's a kiss for you. Good-bye! Good-bye!  
 All the sum - mer long. Good-bye! Good-bye!  
 Cov - er you with gold. Good-bye! Good-bye!  
 Ear - ly, if you please. Good-bye! Good-bye!

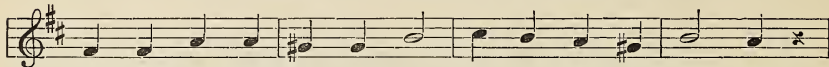
## NIGHT AND DAY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

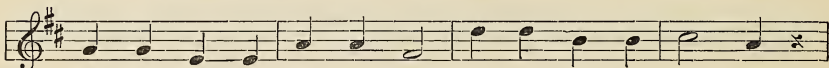
HAYDN



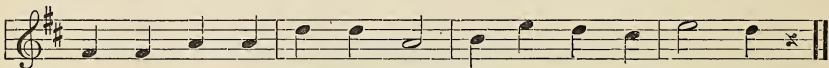
1. When the gold - en day is done, Thro' the clos - ing por - tal
2. In the dark - ness hous - es shine, Par - ents move with can - dles;
3. In the dark - ness shapes of things, Hous - es, trees and hedg - es



Child and gar - den, flow'r and sun, Van - ish all things mor - tal.  
 Till on all, the night di - vine Turns the bed - room han - dles.  
 Clear - er grow; and spar - row's wings Beat on win - dow ledg - es.



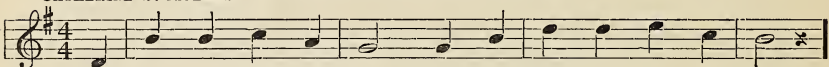
As the blind - ing shad - ows fall, As the rays dim - in - ish  
 Then at last the day be gins In the east a - break - ing,  
 Just as it was shut a - way, Toy - like, in the e - ven,



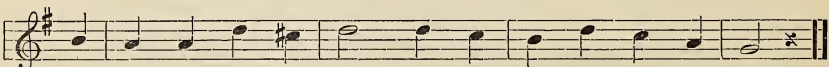
Un - der eve - ning's cloak, they all Roll a - way and van - ish.  
 In the hedg - es and the whins Sleep - ing birds a - wak - ing.  
 Here I see it glow with day Un - der glow - ing heav - en.

## A DISASTROUS RIDE

CATHERINE S. HOLMES



1. Some lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Whose home was in the sea,
2. A cloud they had for car - riage, They drove a play - ful breeze,
3. But O, there were so man - y, At last the car - riage broke,
4. And through the moss and grass - es They were com - pelled to roam,



To go up - on a jour - ney, Once hap - pened to a - gree.  
 And o - ver town and coun - try They rode a - long at ease.  
 And to the ground came tum - bling These fright - ened lit - tle folk.  
 Un - til a brook - let found them, And car - ried them all home.

## FIFTH SECTION

### Two Sounds to the Beat, represented in Eighth-Notes

Two Sounds to the Beat, represented in English Notes

1

2

3

4

5

## LADY-BIRD

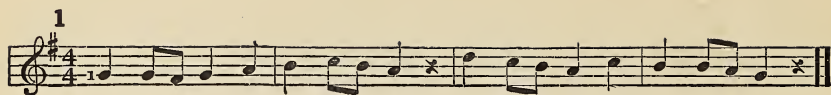
CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY

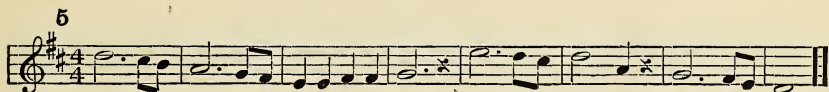
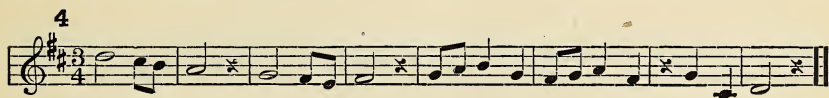
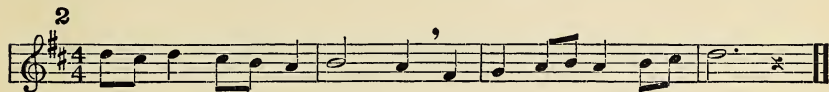
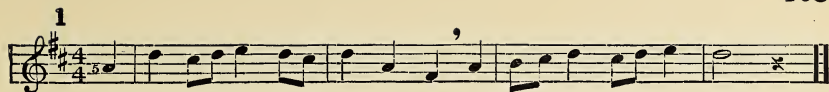
1. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home! The  
2. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home! The

field-mouse is gone to her nest; The dai - sies have shut up their  
glow-worm is light-ing her lamp; The dew's fall-ing fast, and your

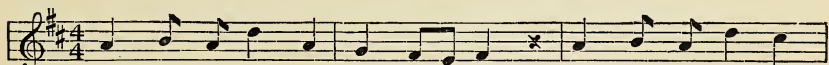
bright lit - tle eyes, And the buds and the bees are at rest. .  
fine speck-led wings Will be wet with the close-cling-ing damp. .







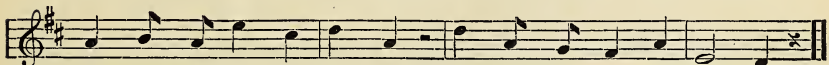
## A SONG OF PEACE



1. Peace-ful - ly wan - ders star on star Up in the deep blue
2. Peace-ful - ly flows the sil - ver 'brook Here thro' the fresh green
3. "Chil-dren, dear chil-dren, live in peace," Sound-eth from earth to

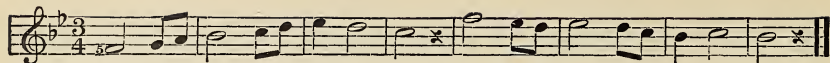


heav - en,      Far from the tu - mult, far from war,—  
mead - ows;      And the bright stars like dia - monds look,  
heav - en;      La - bor, that war and strife may cease,

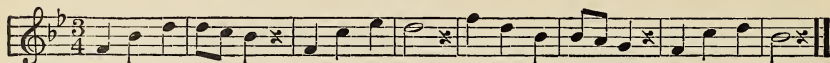


Yon-der, where rest is giv - en, Yon-der, where rest is giv - 'en.  
Mir-rored a-mong its shad - ows, Mir-rored a-mong its shad - ows.  
La - bor, that peace be giv - en, La - bor, that peace be giv - en.

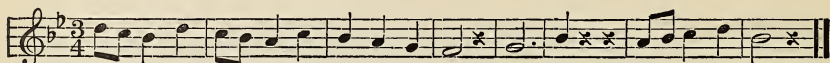
1



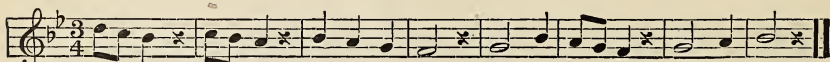
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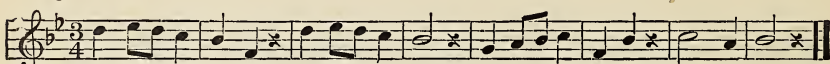
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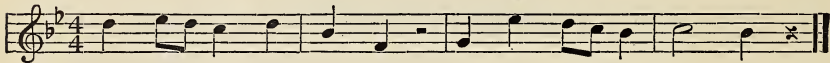
4



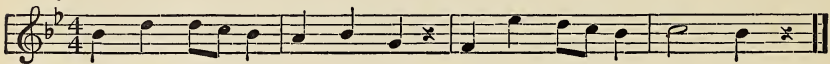
5



6



7



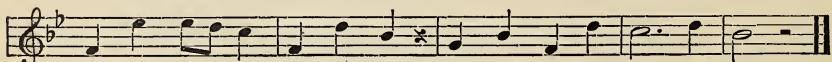
## THE SILKWORM

MARY HOWITT

J. CARMICHAEL



1. Silk - worm on the mul-ber-ry tree, Spin a silk - en web for me;  
 2. Lon - ger yet—'twill not be done Till a thou-sand more are spun;



Draw the threads out fine and strong, Lon-ger yet, and ve - ry long.  
 Silk-worm, turn the mul-berry tree In - to silk - en threads for me.



1

2

3

4

5

## THE CLOUD

MAXWELL LITTLETON

1. What are you do - ing, lit - tle white cloud, Up in the
2. Where are you go - ing, fly - ing so slow, White cloud so
3. When will you scat - ter some of the show'rs You have been

heav - ens, Sail - ing so proud?—Help - ing my broth - ers  
la - zy, We'd like to know?—Gath - er - ing rain - drops  
sav - ing, O - ver the flow'rs?—Where the Lord sends me

here in the blue Hide the hot sun - shine, chil - dren, from you.  
out of the air, For the poor flow - ers, dy - ing down there.  
al - ways I roam, When the Lord bids me, chil - dren, I come.



## SIXTH SECTION

### Songs and Themes for Special Studies in Phrasing

TO THE CUCKOO

## Old English Nursery Song

*Softly*

Cuck-oo! lit - tle wan - der - er, When the bud - ding Spring is near;

*increase*

Sing thy song and tell thy tale, O'er the hill and thro' the dale.

*faster*

Tell me, is thy dis - tant home Far a - cross the salt sea foam?

*gradually slower*

*diminish*

Or hast thou, while hid from day, Slept the win - try hours a - way?

*loud and lively*

Wel-come,cheering bird, to me; Where-so - e'er thy dwell-ing be,

On the earth or o'er the main, Wel-come to these fields a - gain.

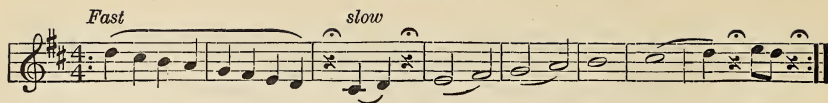
*slowly and softly*

Short thy vis - it to this shore, May and A - pril soon are o'er;

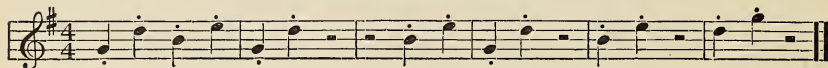
*gradually slower*

Cuck - oo,chant thy strains in peace, For in June thy song shall cease.

## COASTING



## THE GRASSHOPPER



## MY SHADOW



## A MARCH

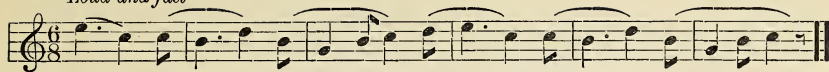


## A CALM, STARRY NIGHT



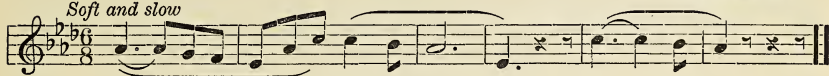
## THE BARBARIANS

BEETHOVEN

*Loud and fast*

## BESIDE THE CRADLE

MENDELSSOHN

*Soft and slow*

## BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

SCHUBERT

*Moderately fast*

## IN THE FIELDS

*Gaily*

## A VISITOR FROM THE ORIENT

SULLIVAN

*With well marked accent*

## SPRINGLIKE WEATHER

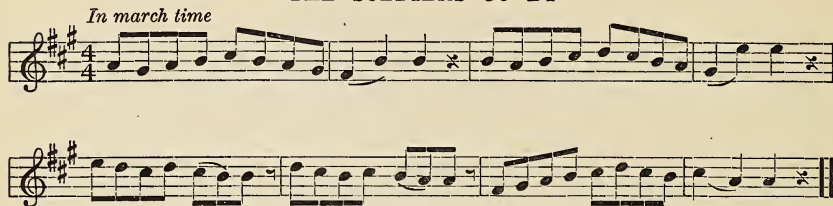
HAYDN

*Smoothly*

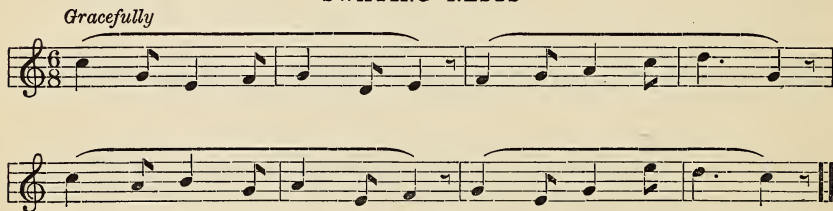
## THE WINTER WIND



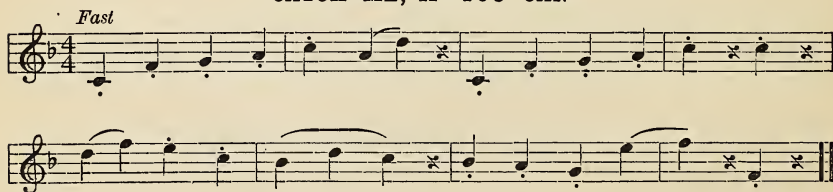
## THE SOLDIERS GO BY



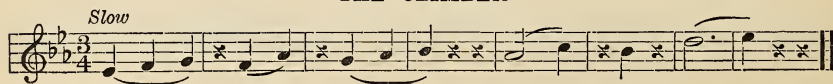
## SWAYING NESTS



## CATCH ME, IF YOU CAN



## THE CLIMBER



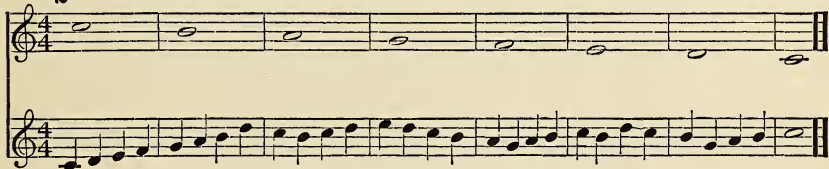
**SEVENTH SECTION**

Studies and Songs in Two Parts

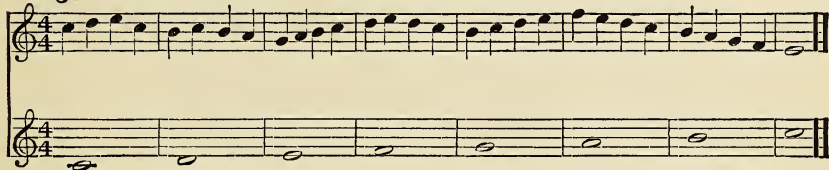
1



2



3

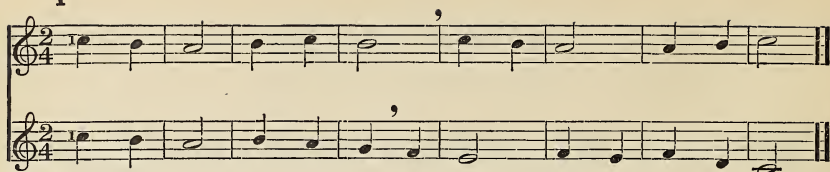


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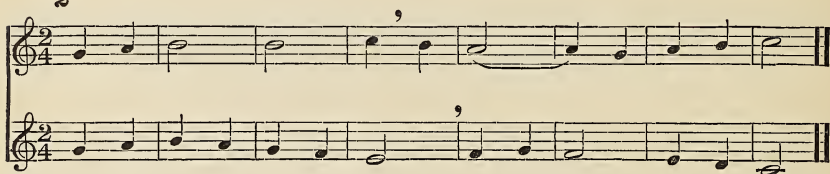




1



2



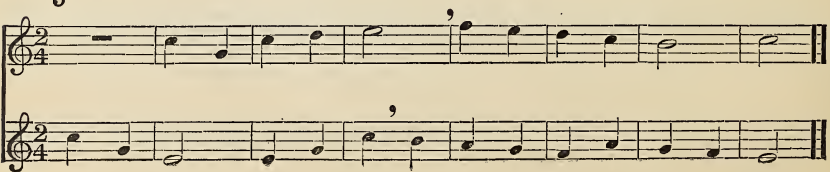
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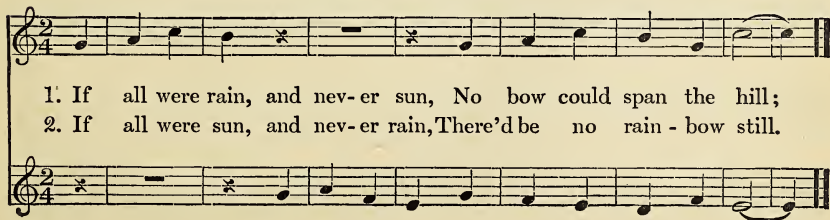


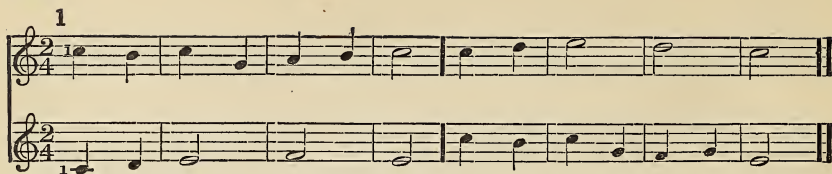
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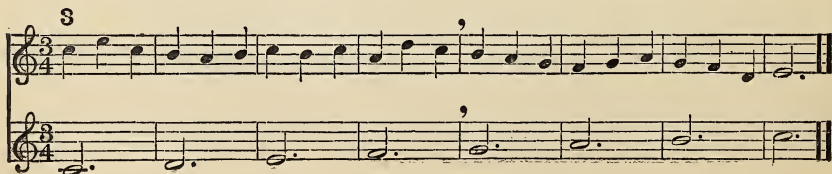
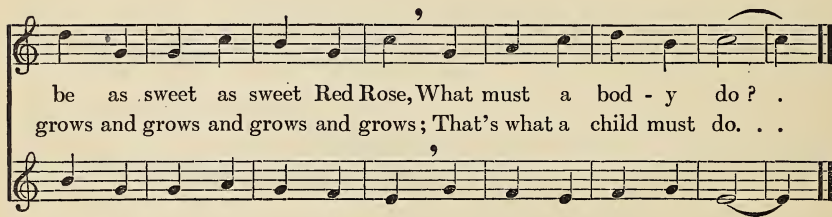
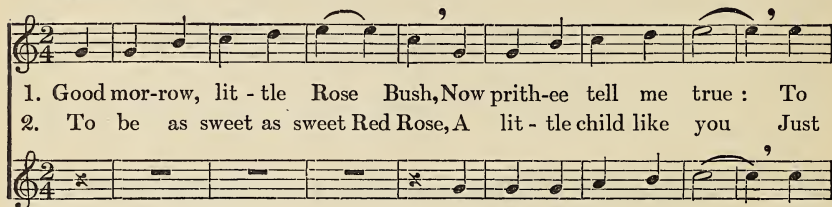
## RAIN OR SHINE



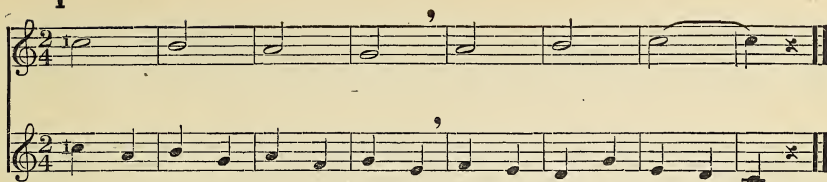


## SWEET RED ROSE

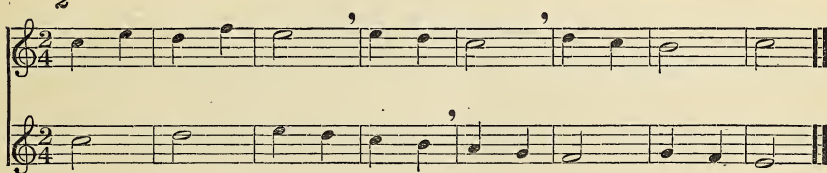
JOEL STACY



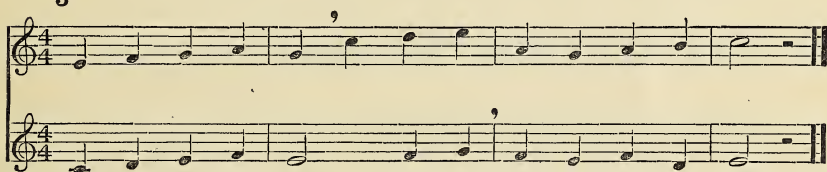
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2



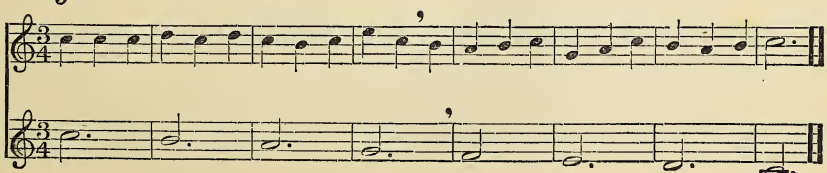
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4



5



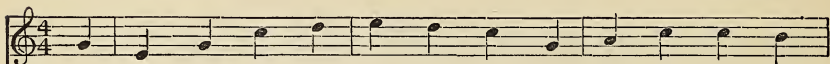
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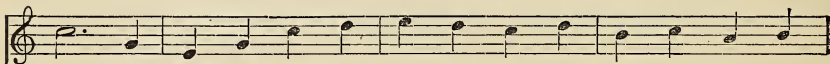
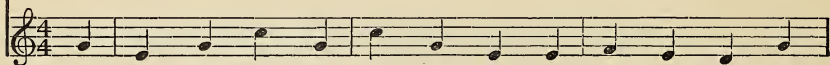
## MORNING SONG

ANNA L. BARBAULD

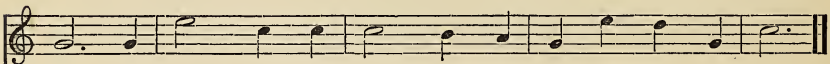
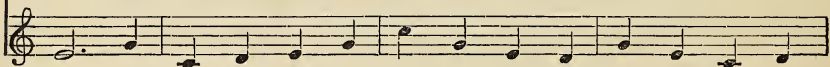
A. MARSH



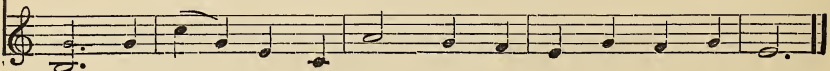
1. A - gain the Lord of life and light A - wakes the kind - ling  
 2. 'Ten thou - sand chil-dren's lips shall join To hail this wel - come



ray, Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours in - creas - ing  
 dawn, Which scat - ters bless - ings from its wings And bids all grief be



day. We praise thee, we bless thee, Thou Lord of life and light.  
 gone. We praise thee, we bless thee, Thou Lord of life and light.

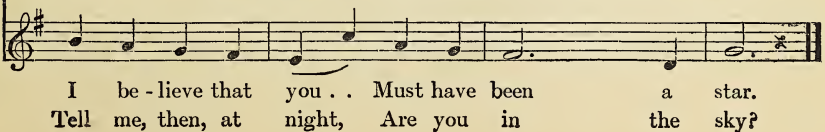
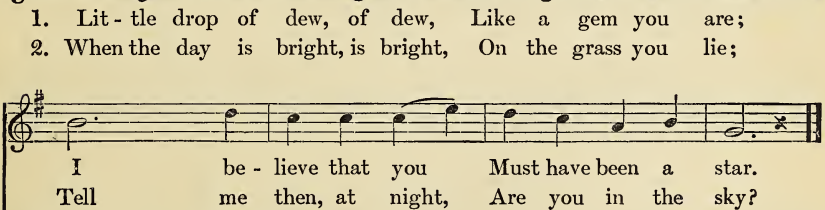
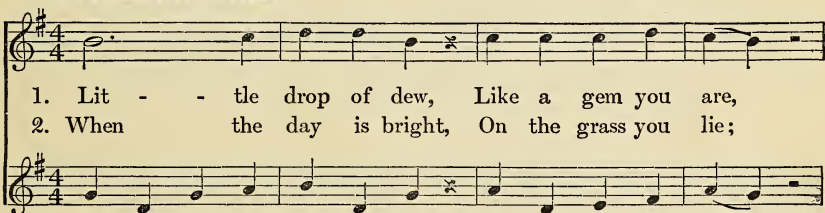


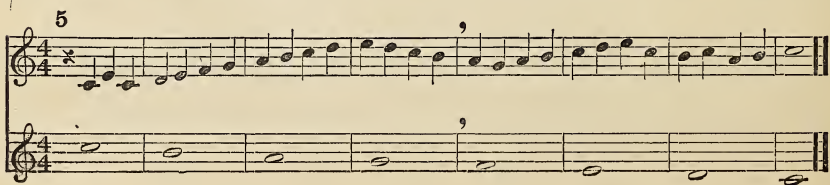
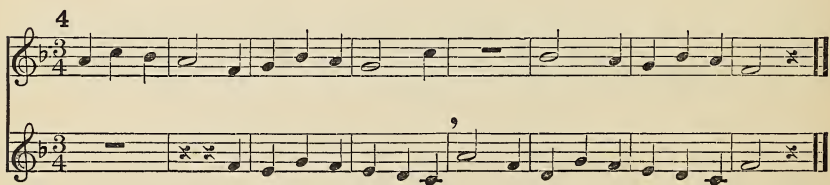
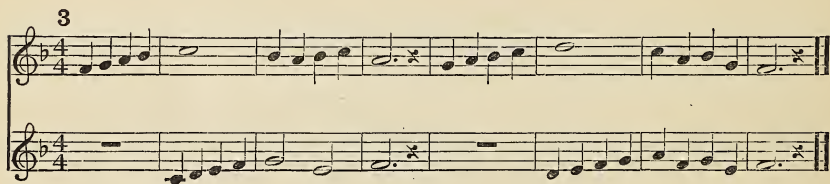




## THE DEW DROP

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

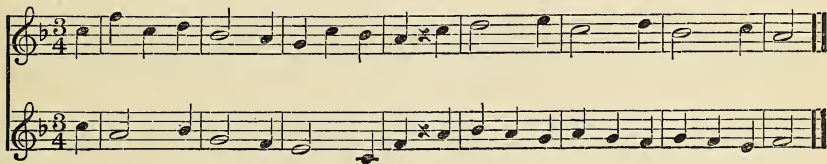




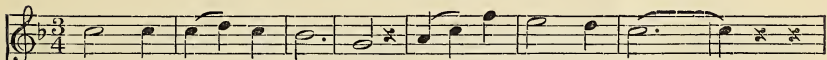
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2

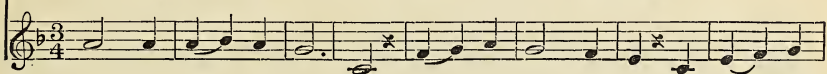


## THE BUTTERFLY



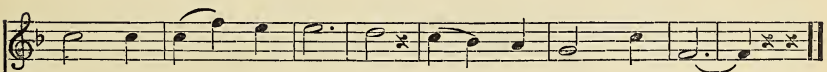
1. Swim-ming in the sun-light, Dart-ing here and there, . .

2. Sip-ping at the clo-ver, Fly-ing low and high, . .



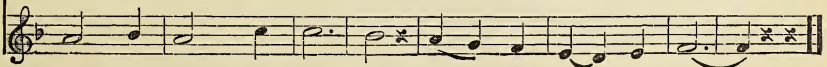
O watch that

O what an



Watch that lit-tle fun-sprite Sport-ing in the air.

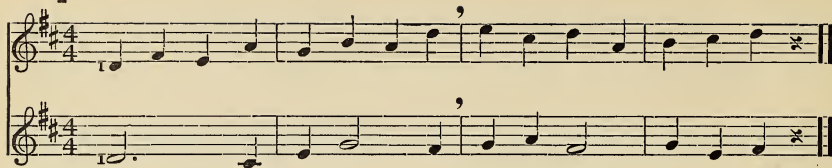
What an air-y ro-v-er Is . . the but-ter-fly.



lit-tle, lit-tle fun-sprite

air-y, air-y ro-v-er

1



2



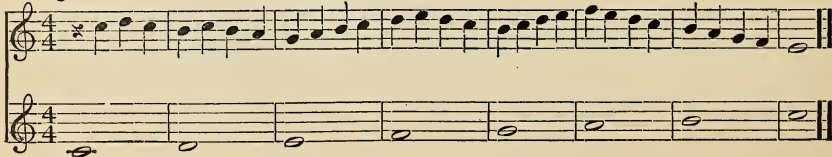
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4



5



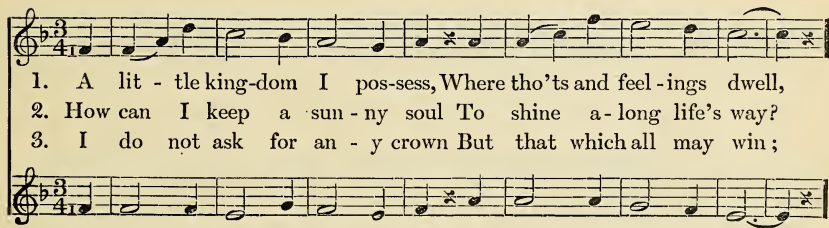
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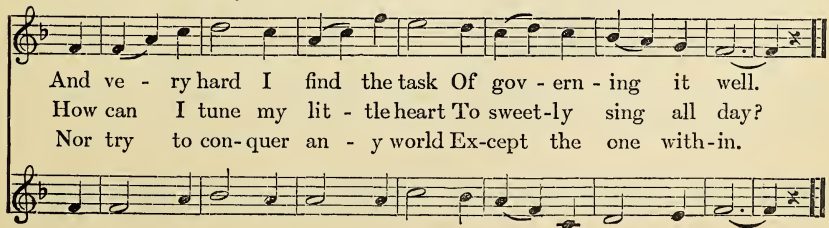
2



## MY KINGDOM

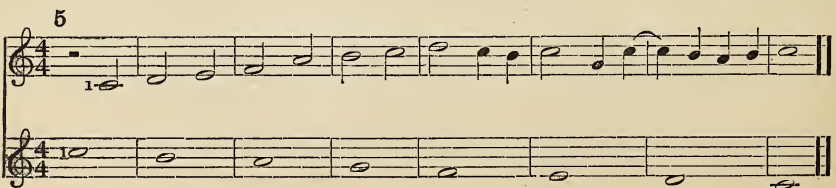
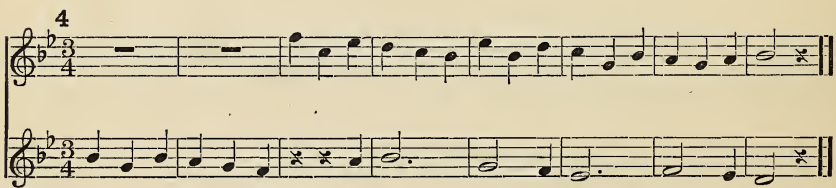
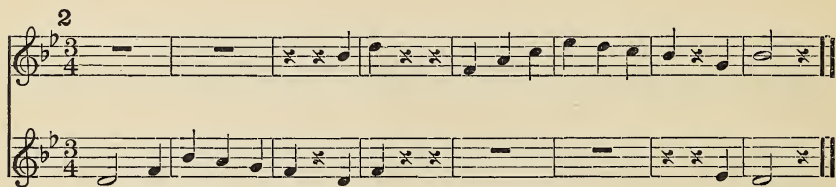


1. A lit - tle king-dom I pos-sess, Where tho'ts and feel-ings dwell,
2. How can I keep a sun - ny soul To shine a - long life's way?
3. I do not ask for an - y crown But that which all may win;

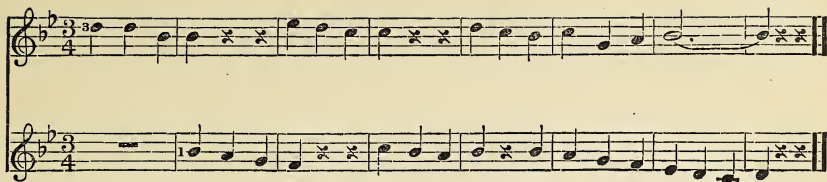


And ve - ry hard I find the task Of gov - ern - ing it well.  
 How can I tune my lit - tle heart To sweet-ly sing all day?  
 Nor try to con-quer an - y world Ex-cept the one with-in.





1



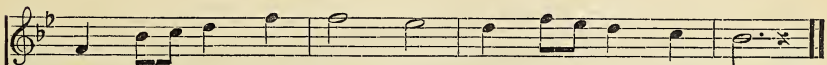
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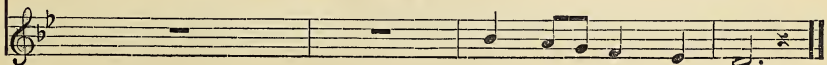
## GOD IS GOOD



1. See the morn - ing sun - beams Light - ing up the wood,
2. Hear the moun - tain stream - let In the sol - i - tude,
3. Bring, my heart, thy trib - ute, Songs of grat - i - tude,



Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing "God is ev - er good."  
 With its rip - ple say - ing "God is ev - er good."  
 Sing, as birds are sing - ing "God is ev - er good."



1

2

## BOBOLINK

CLINTON SCOLLARD

1. Bob - o - link, He is here! Hark how clear Drops the note  
2. Bob - o - link, Lin - ger long! There's a kink In your song,

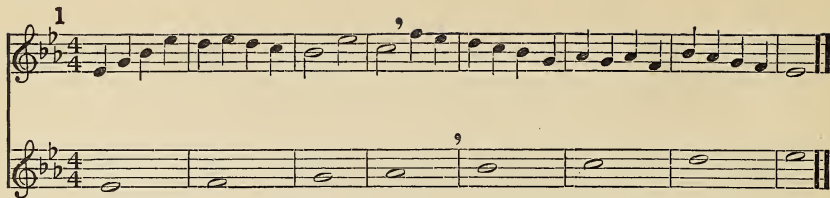
From his throat, Where he sways On the sprays Of the wheat.  
Like the joy Of a boy Left to play All the day.



## LILY'S BALL

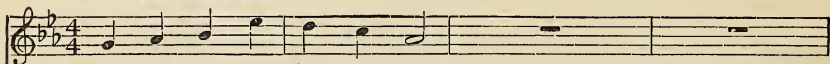
1. Li - ly gave a par - ty, Her lit - tle play-mates all,  
 2. Lit - tle Quak - er Prim - rose, She sat and nev - er stirred;  
 3. Snow-drop near - ly faint - ed Be - cause the room was hot,  
 4. When the dance was o - ver, They went down-stairs to sup,

Gay - ly dress'd, came in their best To dance at Li - ly's ball.  
 And ex - cept in whis-pered tones, She nev - er spoke a word.  
 Vè - ry ear - ly she went home With sweet For-get - me - not.  
 Dew was served on hon - ey - cake From out a but - ter - cup.

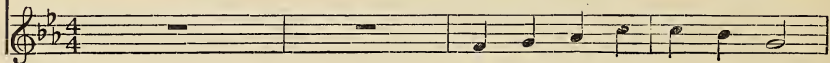


## IN BY-LO LAND

JANE BUSHNELL DICKINSON



1. There the drow - sy pop-pies grow, There the south winds ev - er blow,
2. On - ly sweet-est songs are heard, Nev - er cross nor sel - fish word,
3. Yon'-der grows the dream-land tree, Full of pleas-ant dreams for thee,



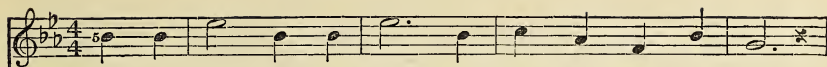
There is nei-ther frost nor snow, In By - - lo Land.  
 Ev - 'ry heart by love is stirred, In By - - lo Land.  
 Dreams of joy in years to be; In By - - lo Land.



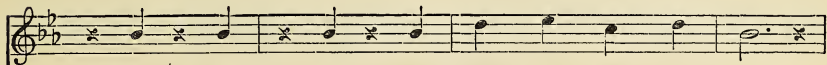
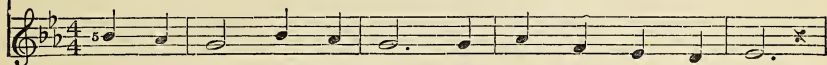
By - lo, By - lo Land.



## THE WATER-MILL



1. "An - y grist for the mill?" How mer - ri - ly it goes!  
 2. "An - y grist for the mill?" How quick - ly it goes round.



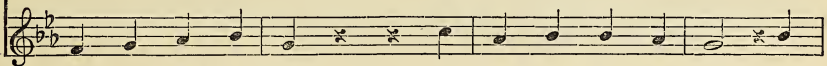
Flap, flap, flap, flap, While the wa - ter flows.  
 Splash, splash, splash, splash, With a whir - ring sound.



Flip, flip, flip, flip,  
 Splish, splish, splish, splish,

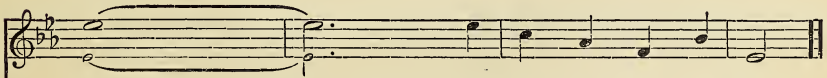


Round a - bout, And round a - bout, The heav - y mill-stones grind, And  
 Noi - si - ly, O noi - si - ly The mill-stone turns a - bout; You

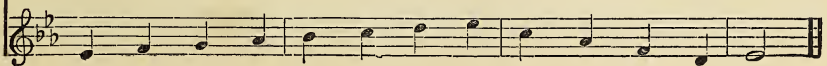


(1 & 2) a - bout,

Rrr . . . . .



dust flies in and dust flies out, And makes the mil - ler blind.  
 can - not make the mil - ler hear, Un - less you scream and shout.



1



2

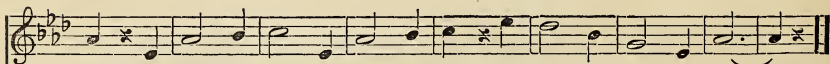


## THE DAISY

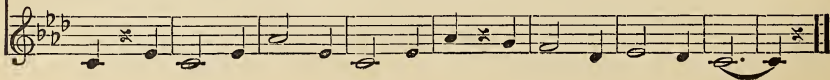
JAMES MONTGOMERY

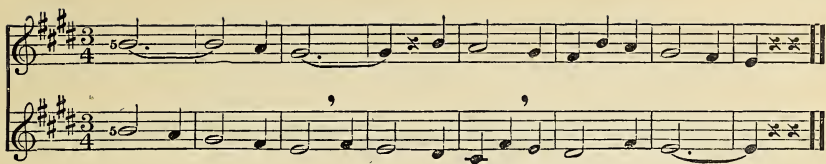


1. There is a flow'r, a lit - tle flow'r, With sil - ver crest and gold - en
2. On waste and woodland, rock and plain, Its hum - ble buds un - heed - ed



eye, That welcomes ev-'ry changing hour, And weathers ev - 'ry sky. .  
 rise; The rose has but a summer's reign, The dai-sy nev - er dies. .

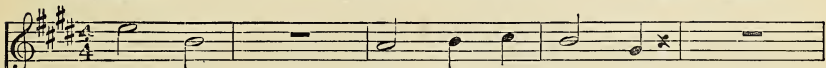




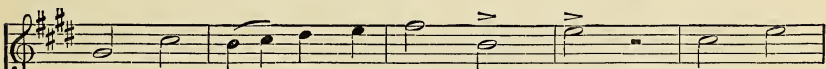
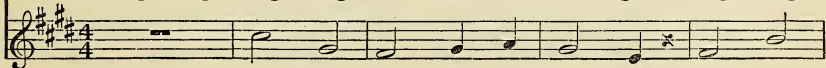
## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

CLARA SMITH

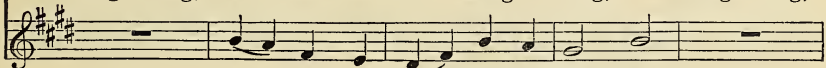
DONALD LACHLAN



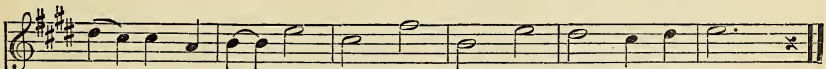
1. Ding-dong, ding-dong, Jack - in - the - Pul - pit, Ding-dong,
2. Ding-dong, ding-dong, Squir - rel and spar - row, Ding-dong,
3. Ding-dong, ding-dong, Wee flow - er chil - dren, Ding-dong,
4. Ding-dong, ding-dong, There stands the preach - er, Ding-dong,
5. Ding-dong, ding-dong, Hear the wind - or - gan, Ding-dong,



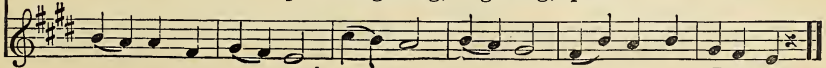
ding - dong, Preach-es to - day, Ding - dong, Ding - dong,  
 ding - dong, High on their perch, Ding - dong, Ding - dong,  
 ding - dong, Dain - ty and frail, Ding - dong, Ding - dong,  
 ding - dong, Ser - mon comes next, Ding - dong, Ding - dong,  
 ding - dong, Hear bee and bird! Ding - dong, Ding - dong,



Ding-dong, ding - dong,



Un - der the green trees, Ding-dong, ding-dong, O - ver the way.  
 Hear the sweet lily-bells, Ding-dong, ding-dong, Ring-ing to church.  
 Meek lit-tle fa - ces, Ding-dong, ding-dong, Ea - ger and pale!  
 How will he preach it? Ding-dong, ding-dong, What is his text?  
 Jack-in-the-Pul - pit, Ding-dong, ding-dong, Speaks not a word!



Ding-dong.



# EIGHTH SECTION

Songs for Recreation and Imitative Singing : Patriotic Songs

## ERE THE MOON BEGINS TO RISE

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

WILLIAM R. SPENCE

*mf dolce e tranquillamente*

1. Ere the moon be-gins to rise Or a star to
2. Birds are sleeping in their nest, On the swaying

*Allegretto*

*mp*

*ben legato*

*p*

shine,  
bough,

All the blue-bells close their eyes,  
Thus, a-against the moth-er breast,

So close  
So sleep

*p*

*p rall. e dim.*

thine.  
thou,

So close thine,  
So sleep thou,

Thine, dear, thine.  
Sleep, dear, sleep.

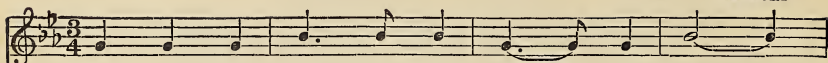
*pp*

*rall. e dim.*

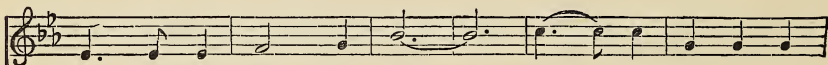
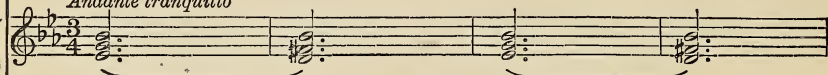


## LITTLE PAPPOOSE

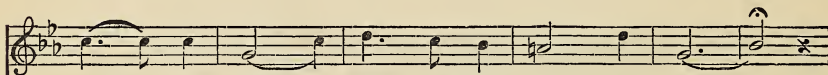
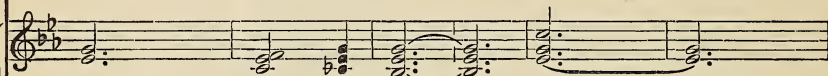
NINA B. HARTFORD



1. Lit - tle pap - poose in your cra - dle high, Swung  
 2. Dream then, my lit - tle pap - poose in the tree,

*Andante tranquillo*

up on the danc - ing tree, . . Look - ing up at the  
 Soft - ly your cra - dle swings. . Fa - ther is hunt - ing a



star - ry sky, Tell me, what do you see? . .  
 rab - bit for thee, While moth - er is here and sings. .



Shin - ing moon with his face so bright, Watch - es with  
Broth - er's mak - ing a lit - tle ca - noe Out in the

The first system of the musical score for 'Little Pappoose'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Shin - ing moon with his face so bright, Watch - es with Broth - er's mak - ing a lit - tle ca - noe Out in the'.

ten - der smile, . So close your eyes and sleep this  
woods so wild, . . . Ev - 'ry-one think-ing, dear ba - by, of

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'ten - der smile, . So close your eyes and sleep this woods so wild, . . . Ev - 'ry-one think-ing, dear ba - by, of'. The piano accompaniment includes chords and moving lines in the bass.

night, Sleep, lit - tle In - dian child. . . .  
you; Sleep, lit - tle In - dian child. . . .

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The vocal melody ends with the lyrics: 'night, Sleep, lit - tle In - dian child. . . . you; Sleep, lit - tle In - dian child. . . .'. The piano accompaniment features a final cadence with sustained chords in the bass.

# MARCHING SONG

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*Allegro giocoso*

REGINALD DE KOVEN

*mf cres.* ✓*dim.*

1. Bring the comb and play up - on it,  
2. All in the most mar-tial man - ner

*Allegro giocoso**f**mf**cres.**dim.*

March-ing here we come;  
March-ing dou - ble quick;

Wil - lie cocks his high-land bon - net,  
While the nap - kin like a ban - ner

*cres.**cres.**f con spirilo*

John-nie, John-nie beats the drum,  
Waves, it waves up - on the stick.

Ma - ry Jane commands the par-ty,  
Here's e-nough of fame and pil-lage,

*f*

Pe - ter leads the rear; Feet in time, a - lert and heart - y,  
Great commander Jane! Now that we've been round the vil - lage,

Each a Gren - a - dier, Yes, each a Gren - a - dier. . .  
Let's go home a - - - - -

gain, O let's go home a - gain, O let's go home a - gain.

*dim. e rall.*

## THE WOODPECKER

FREDERICK MANLEY

ETHELBERT NEVIN

*Not too slow*
*Distinctly*

1. There's someone tap-ping on the ma - ple tree, Tap ti - py tap, tap,
2. There's someone com-ing down the ma - ple tree, Tap ti - py tap, tap,
3. There's someone go-ing to the ma - ple tree, Tap ti - py tap, tap,

*cantando*

tap; But there's no one a - bout as I can see, Save a  
 tap; And he's hop-ping a - bout so bus - i - ly, In a  
 tap; He's as gay as a prince or a lord, but he Has - n't



lark that is sing - ing a song of glee On a sun - lit bough, and it  
cap quite as red as a bar - ber - ry, And a coat as green as a  
time to go round showing off, you see, For he stays in the woods working

The first system of the musical score for 'The Woodpecker'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The piano part includes chords marked with 'x' and a 'pizz.' (pizzicato) marking in the bass line.

*Joyfully*

is - n't he That is tap - ping a - way so stead - i - ly,  
sum - mer lea, And he's sing - ing a laugh - ing mel - o - dy,  
lov - ing - ly At a snug lit - tle home for his fam - i - ly,

The second system of the musical score. It begins with the tempo marking 'Joyfully'. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a forte 'f' dynamic marking and a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking in the bass line.

Tap tip - y tap, tap, tap. There's tap.

The third system of the musical score. It features a vocal line with the lyrics 'Tap tip - y tap, tap, tap. There's tap.' and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes first and second endings marked '1, 2' and 'V 3', and a 'pizz.' (pizzicato) marking in the bass line.

## THE FAIRIES

R. B. F.

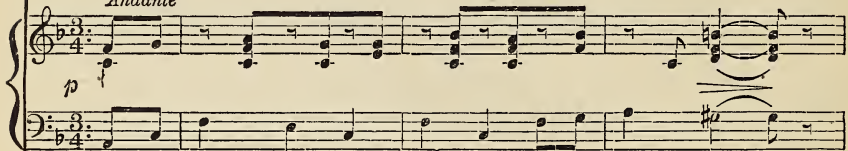
W. W. GILCHRIST

*Andante*



1. Once I longed to see the Fair - ies, So I rose be - fore the  
2. Some were bus - y blow - ing bub - bles, Some in cob - web ham - mocks

*Andante*



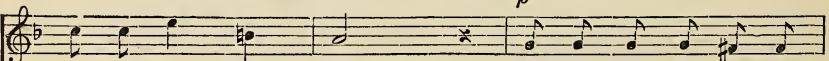
*cres.*



sun,            For I knew that with            the sun - light They would  
swung;        Oth - ers gath-ered dain -        ty rose - leaves, On which



10



van - ish, ev - 'ry one.  
lit - tle dew - drops hung.

So I chose the prop - er  
If you want to see the



*cres.*

mo - ment, Fair - ies

And there, danc - ing on the green,  
At their mer - ry lit - tle tricks

*cres.*

*I mf*

Were the dear - est lit - tle Fair - ies An - y - one has ev - er seen.

*mf*

*dim.* *D.C.V.*

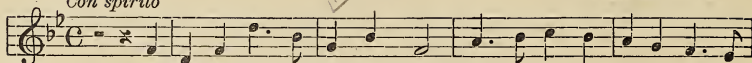
*2 mf* *rit* - - *en* - - - *tan* - do

You must rise up ve - ry ear - ly, Long be - fore the clock strikes six.

*mf* *rit* - - *en* - - - *tan* - do

*Con spirito*

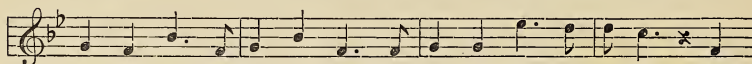
ALEXANDER MUIR



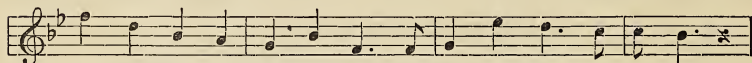
1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And  
 2. At Queenston Heights, and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For



plant-ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag, On Ca - na-da's fair do-main ; Here  
 free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly died ; And

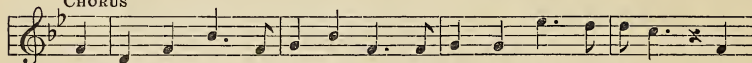


may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The  
 those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er, Our

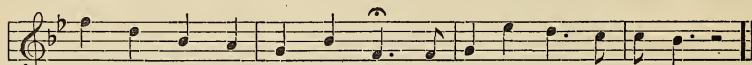


This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.  
 watch-word ev - er more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.

## CHORUS



The Ma - ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev-er, God



save our King and Hea - ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev - er.

## 3 Our fair Dominion now extends

From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,  
 May peace for ever be our lot,  
 And plenteous store abound,  
 And may those ties of love be ours,  
 Which discord cannot sever,  
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

## 4 On Merry England's far-famed land

May kind Heaven sweetly smile,  
 God bless Old Scotland ever more,  
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle ;  
 Then swell the song both loud and long,  
 Till rocks and forest quiver,  
 God save our King and Heaven bless  
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

## O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

141

## CANADIAN NATIONAL SONG

Written by  
His Hon. R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L.  
Recorder of Montreal

Melody by C. Lavallée  
Harmonized by G. A. Grant-Schaefer

*Maestoso e risoluto*

*f* *poco rit.*

*a tempo*

1. O Can - a - da! Our home, and Na - tive land, True pa - tri - ot - love in
2. O Can - a - da! Where pines and ma - ples grow, Great prai - ries spread and
3. O Can - a - da! Be - neath thy shin - ing skies May stal - wart sons and

*a tempo*
*p*

all thy sons com - mand. With glow - ing hearts we see thee rise, The  
lord - ly riv - ers flow. How dear to us thy broad do - main, From  
gen - tle maid - ens rise; To keep thee stead - fast through the years From

*p*



true North, strong and free ; And stand on guard, O Can - a - da, Stand aye on  
East to West-ern sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou true North,  
East to West-ern sea, Our Fath - er land, our Moth - er land! Our true North,

## CHORUS

guard for thee. O Can - a - da! O Can - a - da! O Can - a -  
strong and free!  
strong and free!

da! We stand on guard for thee. O Can - a - da! We stand on guard for thee.

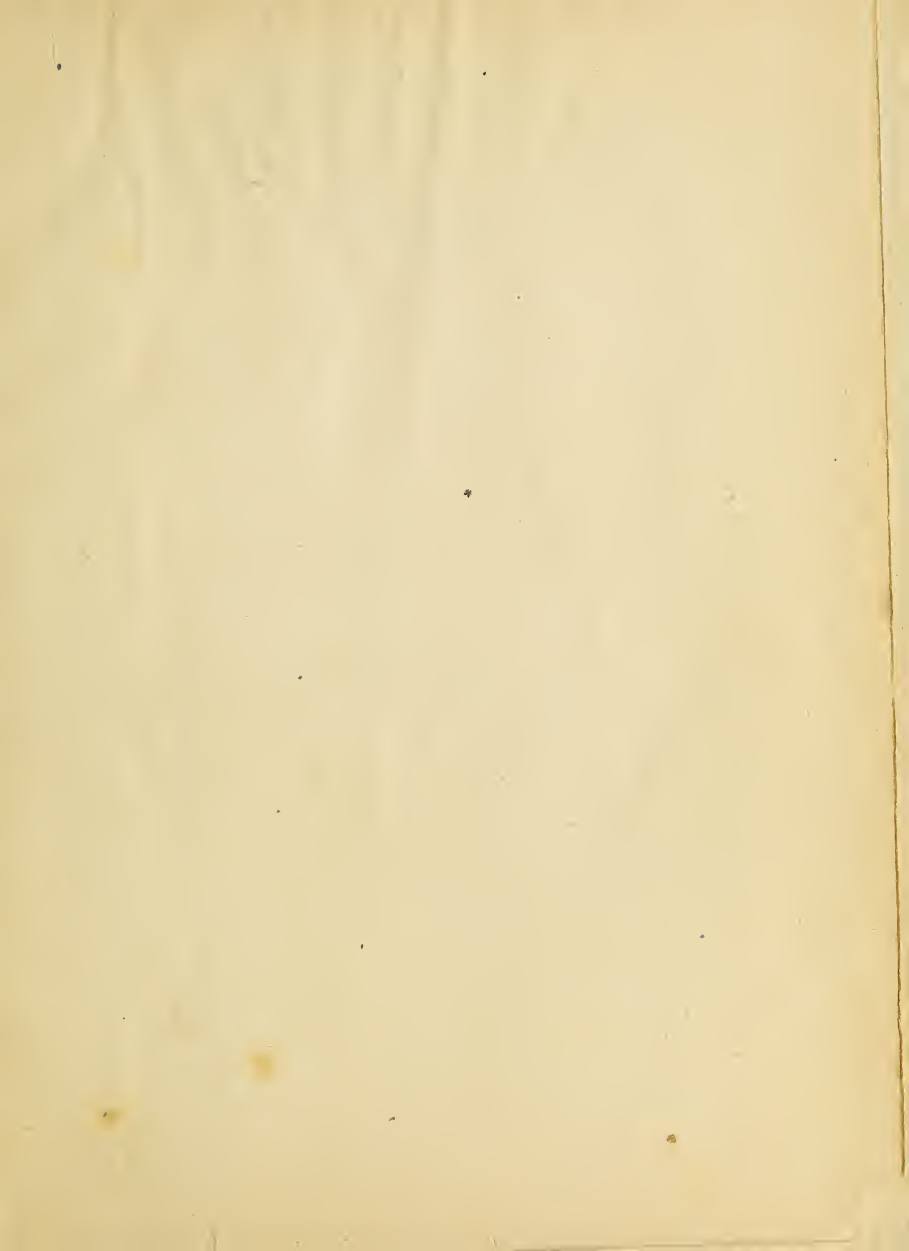
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